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En Memoriam

MICHAEL HENRY SIMPSON

“But that large grief which these enfold
Is given in outline, and no more.”

1876

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THE dawn is breaking. Nature utters her first joyful cry from every nest, and every leaf and flower awaits the glad moment of day's return. The whole world looks upward to receive this renewed baptism of hope and promise, as the pure white light flushes again with rosy life. Standing in this unsullied morning, with earnest eyes bent upon the coming day, and with the strength of youth drawn before him as a shield, the dear one we loved was suddenly stricken down. Before the shadows could grow old about him; before the freshness of the beautiful hour could deepen into pain or bitterness; before the future, palpitating with secret burdens, could become cruel and restive, we numbered Harry among those who shall see only life's morning and know only life's joys. To reach that other shore ere the heat and weariness of the noonday, and to escape the stains of strife and human disappointment, could be the reward only of a soul eager to accept its duties, and resolute to deny its temptations on

earth. And thus it was in the full blush of the brightest hopes, and with all that manly ambition or noble desire holds dearest awaiting him, that a summons rang through the cloudless sky, and we knew he was called to wear the crown of everlasting life.

In Memoriam

MICHAEL HENRY SIMPSON.

MICHAEL HENRY SIMPSON was born in Boston the 19th of October, 1850. The first son, his birth caused the greatest rejoicings, and a strong, healthy physique gave promise of a long and happy future for the tenderly welcomed child.

A fairy godmother must have endowed him from his cradle with the best of gifts,—a sunny temperament; for his babyhood passed in a state of uneventful goodness, which is always so becoming to infancy, and so appreciated by the most indulgent parents. Before the little fellow could talk he had become the constant companion of his father, and was admitted by him to the position of the tiniest of friends and the very best of listeners. The effect of this beautiful intimacy between father and son became very noticeable as the boy began to think and act for himself. His independence of thought, the originality of his

suggestions, the singularly comprehensive action of his mind, were delightful traits to unfold and to guide in their first encounter with the laws of God and man.

The impression of those primary lessons lasted long after their actual memory had passed away from the remembrance of both father and son, though their rare intellectual sympathy remained unimpaired through all the influences that naturally surrounded a boy of Harry's character. Of course it was impossible to prevent plans and speculations from twining like tendrils around this plastic nature, and to gradually form and support the baby steps onward by arousing in the baby mind that intellectual germ which promised to be ardent, bold, and self-poised. Even ordinary children are capable of an intense mental development as unpleasant as it is unnatural after its amusing precocity has passed away; and if he had been merely bright beyond his years, he would have shared the usual fate of a commonplace child. But those who remember him then can understand the progress he made, and appreciate the great temptation it was to talk with him, and draw out his freshly born impressions.

It would have been strange if, with this constant education, no fruits had been produced beyond the odd remarks of a precocious baby, to be treasured up in nursery annals. But, despite all the mental and moral training he received, Harry did not degenerate into a child who amuses and alarms the friends of the family with his bright speeches, nor did

his mind outstrip its healthy little frame. The ever-working brain seemed protected by a natural physical indolence that was a soft sheath for the active nervous power. Perfect health! the secret of happy babyhood, childhood, and manhood, if it but last.

Harry's keen sense of humor and quick appreciation of fun always caused the greatest entertainment among older people who chanced to awaken it. They could not help enjoying his absorption in the drollery or wit that happened to be going on about him. Perhaps there is nothing more inspiring than the genuine, hearty laughter of a little child. It rings out from such pure sources and it is so spontaneous that we love its music and pardon its noise, however boisterous, that we may laugh ourselves from sheer sympathy. Harry would often become convulsed with merriment at the witty conversation of two dear and intimate friends, and would forget to eat his dinner, in the excitement of taking in what was quick and sparkling, and far beyond the comprehension of most children of his years.

Yet, with all the boy's sunny sweetness and amiability, he had a decided will of his own, and a temper that when aroused would fly, in good old Adam fashion, almost out of sight. There was no doubt at such times of his human nature, or the strong hold he had on life. The hot blood flowing so gently through its channels could on occasions bubble up and make the dreamy, languid eyes flash and flame, until those who loved him most would stand aloof in vague

alarm. He was not, however, an easy subject for punishment, so great were his faculties for discovering some means of amusement under every circumstance; for if deprived of one pleasure, another always supplied its place. As dark closets were never considered legitimate means of correction, it was useless to place him in solitary confinement elsewhere, for a book, no matter what, would entertain him until the punishment was commuted, or he had served out his sentence. The fact was, Harry derived more pleasure than pain from being shut up, though the day was never so bright, and temptations for play were never so enthralling.

One summer day at Saxonville, he suddenly awakened to the consciousness that he, and no one else, must govern him, and learned the first great lesson of self-control, as we all have to learn it, by accident. A pair of flying-squirrels that had been given to him were the delight of his heart, and the most cherished of all his possessions; but on this summer day a sad fate overtook them in the shape of a Newfoundland dog, and they were ruthlessly demolished before succor could arrive. Intense grief and an overwhelming sense of the enormity of this outrage done two helpless creatures committed to his care were too much for his equanimity, and he burst into a whirlwind of anger and excitement. White and trembling with passion, the child vowed speedy vengeance on the other pet of the household, declaring he would kill that dog instantly! It was unworthy to live a moment; it was base, it was cruel, and he'd let the guilty

brute see how good it was to be killed! But for the physical force that was necessary to restrain him, there is no doubt he would have imperilled his own life to avenge his squirrels' untimely death. This outburst of rage was so terrible to his mother that she talked to him with all the eloquence at her command, and so shadowed forth the dangers of giving way to his temper, that poor Harry listened half appalled. The truth of what was told him then became deeply impressed upon his mind, and from that very hour his efforts for self-control began. It was the turning-point, as he often said, and when tried beyond his strength, the memory of that day helped him to combat the fiery impulses deeply embedded in his loving nature. It may be truly said of him that during the last years of his life he never lost his self-control, and only at some act of injustice or wrong-doing would the quick glance and rising color betray the strength of his emotion.

Harry was eight years of age when he entered the Mayhew School. While there, an incident occurred so characteristic of his love of justice and his independence of action, it deserves preservation here. Every Boston school-boy regards the Common, at coasting-time, as his especial property; and then, as now, the better classes were not inclined to have it usurped by roughs when that popular season arrived. The more aggressive young reprobates often showed fight, and, being of superior numbers, would drive away the well-regulated little boys from the choice coasts in a style that was

simply intolerable to their ideas of right. One afternoon Harry and W. F. Whitney, his intimate friend and classmate in after years, together with several others, were rudely assailed by a crowd of North End boys, and, to add to the indignity of being overcome, they had their pockets rifled. This was a little too much. Though the contents were not of any enormous value, every plundered trifle was instantly invested with an incalculable worth: the very things that they cherished most, and would n't part with for the universe!

The robbery was considered, by one and all, a vital matter, and after some discussion among the injured group it was decided to have recourse to the strong arm of the law. The cases came up in the Police Court in due time, and Harry and his friends were called upon to identify their possessions. A bullet-mould was the chief item. Had it been the Kohinoor itself, it could not have been more eagerly claimed as "property," and Harry proven its rightful owner. The boys gained their case, and rushed home greatly elated with the success of their first appeal to justice.

When the war of the Rebellion broke out Harry was about eleven years old. It was a time of intense excitement to him, child as he was, and while the first troops were marching through Boston he would spend all his leisure hours at the State House, or wherever the soldiers happened to be, talking to them, asking innumerable questions, and only too delighted if they gave him a bayonet or a cartridge-box to hold. At night he came home flushed and enraptured

with his day's experiences. Of course he longed to go to the war. His proudest ambition was to be a drummer-boy, and often, while discussing the condition of the two armies with his father, he would exclaim energetically, "I tell you what, father, if the war lasts till I'm old enough, I shall surely go!"

His patriotism was increased by a visit to Washington during the summer of '61, just at the time of the first Bull Run disaster. In common with many Northerners, Mr. Simpson regarded the victory of our troops as a certain matter, and was only prevented from driving out to the battle-ground by Harry's insisting on accompanying the party. Unwilling to risk the safety of his boy, he remained in the city, and thus probably escaped capture by the Rebels. Harry also had his fortunes of war to relate on his return. One morning he thought it would be fine fun to take his bath in the Potomac, but he was soon discovered by soldiers in the fortifications, who, mistaking him for a rebel spy, pointed their muskets and fired just as he reached the shore. Luckily their balls fell wide of the mark, and Harry's frank explanation soon convinced the men of his loyalty and his very innocent intentions.

The generosity of his nature was quickly touched by many of these Washington experiences. He was seeing the world for the first time, and in what dire commotion did he find it! The spectacle of the jaded, dispirited troops returning from defeat, above all, made the most lasting impression. The

desire to help them became intensely strong within him. Those who knew Harry at this age will pleasantly recall his genial, open-hearted manner, and that courteous demeanor which seldom forms a part of the conduct of riotous boyhood. These were charming traits, and the more noticeable because, where every wish is gratified, and all the little conceits of a boy's heart are sympathized in, and encouraged by mother and sisters, he stands a fair chance of being spoiled, and of forgetting all about the wishes of other people. Harry had ample opportunity to become selfish in his childish fashion; to hoard his treasures and amuse himself without stopping to consult the regulations of full-grown society. But home's sweetest influences surrounded him, and in spite of its indulgence he learned early to rule his inclinations with those firm principles which eventually threaded his warm, affectionate disposition like cords of steel, and to think how he could benefit others less fortunate than himself.

Now, one of the fancies common to this epoch is the collecting mania, — whatever form it may assume, whether autographs or postage-stamps, — and he had not escaped the prevailing taste. As we are aware, the stamp mania has been carried to extremes, the albums receiving fine ornamentations from even professional hands, often appearing in extra gilding, and sometimes adorned with brilliant illuminations. To arrange the precious contents — it is very precious to an enthusiastic collector! — in an artistic style requires considerable patience and ingenuity; and in time the volume be-

comes as dear to its possessor as ever a portfolio filled with proof engravings is to a connoisseur of art. Harry had gathered many valuable specimens into a book, that formed one of his pet ambitions and was the admiration of all his companions. At the time of his return from Washington the collecting fever was at its height, and travel-stained representatives of foreign governments were thought to be well worth their weight in diamonds. The entire community had been ravaged in order to contribute paper mites to swell the contents of this all-important volume, when, one day, Harry rushed into his mother's room and cried out impetuously, "Mother! I want to sell my postage-stamps, and give the money to the soldiers; may I?"

Fully appreciating the high esteem in which this wonderful book was held, the abrupt proposition caused no little surprise. "Certainly, I have no objection; but, Harry, you must be quite sure you are willing to make the sacrifice. Are you not afraid you may regret it when it is too late?" O no! here was something that was indisputably his own, and he could dispose of it for the benefit of those soldiers whose sufferings had troubled his heart ever since he had left Washington. "No, mother, there's not the slightest fear of my ever regretting it!" And off he ran, perfectly happy in the thought that he could help along the cause.

The collection did not remain very long in the market, for a few hours after, it sold for thirty dollars, and the money was immediately sent to the Sanitary Commission. Not a

sigh or a word of regret ever escaped him, although it was as great a self-denial as the boy could have made. The personal loss was completely neutralized by the exquisite pleasure it was to him to give, — to give what was his own beyond a single doubt.

From twelve to sixteen Harry attended the Latin School. Its usual course of six years he accomplished in four, omitting the second, and leaving before the commencement of the final year. The reason for abbreviating the course was, that he might prepare for Harvard and accompany his family to Europe in the autumn. His parents felt a year's travel would be of more benefit mentally and physically, than the mere drill of that last year of school. During those four years Harry was always among the first of his class, and his schoolmates used to say, for all he ranked so high, he never seemed to study. That was a vast mistake, for probably no boy ever studied his lessons more diligently. He possessed two gifts that enabled him to crowd the labor of four hours into half that time, — application and the power of concentration. Add to this power a clear receptive faculty and a retentive memory, and it is not so difficult to understand the studious instinct pressing him onward. No matter how arduous or how dry his task, a sense of enjoyment always appeared to enliven it. His mental capacity was more thoroughly tested when he began his final preparations for college. In order to accomplish them he left the Latin School the 1st of May, 1866, and during the four succeeding months

crammed for the first Harvard examination. This examination was passed successfully, with but one condition.

It was with a light heart that Harry set out on his first European travels. To a boy of his temperament the pleasures of anticipation were greatly enhanced by the knowledge that not a duty was left unfulfilled. He seemed fairly brimming over with joyous animal spirits, and excited intelligence craving to be satisfied. We shall never forget him as he looked that autumn day, when he stood on deck waving his friends "good by!" So bright, so eager, he was the very picture of handsome, happy boyhood. That year in Europe expanded and developed him without unsettling his studious habits. In the midst of all the distractions and fatigues of sight-seeing, not a day passed that did not have its share of Greek and Latin. His school-books were carried in his travelling-bag, and whenever or wherever he found a spare moment it was occupied with his book, and he would be as absorbed in it as though he were in the seclusion of his own home.

It was a thorough enjoyment to see his keen delight in all these new scenes, his unfailing cheerfulness under all circumstances, and to note that utter disregard of self which rendered him the most welcome of travelling companions; for, boy as he was, his readiness to sacrifice his own for others' wishes made him often conspicuous without his ever dreaming of it. Harry's firmness in adhering to what he considered right was a marked indication of the conscientiousness un-

derlying the light-hearted exterior, and no young Puritan could have been more stanch where a religious principle was concerned than he was.

It so fell out that, late one Saturday afternoon, the party stopped by mistake at a dreary little town, and though pleasure-travelling on Sunday was thought wrong by one and all, it was decided to take a steamboat the next morning for about an hour's sail, push on to a more desirable resting-place, and early Monday cross the mountains by diligence. But Harry refused to accompany the others. He preferred remaining alone in a stupid village to taking what was evidently an unnecessary journey, or one in which mere personal comfort was concerned.

Even people who may not quite sympathize with such a minor scruple must respect so rigid an adherence to principle in a lad of only sixteen. His moral courage was the pure blossom of a youth untainted by contact with the mixed ethics of a great world, and its very hardihood in resisting the easy demoralization of travel showed what deep root the New England education had already taken in that virgin soil. He dared do what many men would shrink from doing, — oppose the worldly idea of expediency and social terrorism.

The following August the family returned to America, and Harry at once resumed his regular studies. Any fears that so long a vacation might have unsettled him, were speedily dissipated when he began to work again. It was astonishing

as well as gratifying to note how easily the old threads of studious routine were taken up, and how heartily he entered into all the preparations for Harvard, that "one condition" having been peaceably cleared away.

COLLEGE LIFE.

THIS first plunge outside the home circle is a moral shock keenly felt by an affectionate boy, however much he may have revelled in the idea of the emancipation from home rule. All at once he ceases to be the child whose comings in and goings out have been tenderly watched, to find he is the man pressed by grave duties and many responsibilities; and he sees stretching out before him four long years of drill for that battle of life wherein he is to win a name. The majority of young men accept this new state of affairs earnestly and intelligently enough, and if the first burst of independence sometimes interferes with college discipline, it does not follow they are morally warped or inappreciative of their privileges. Self-government is terribly uncertain until it is tried by assault, and the weak places strengthened by common sense and experience; and college has always been the crucial test of the nascent manhood of either saint or sinner. It is at that period, when the unformed character is first set adrift, that the real conflict begins. With Harry's fun-loving disposition, every opportunity was afforded him to give way to the mere

enjoyment of his Freshman year, and probably no young fellow ever threw himself more joyously into college life than he did. But he believed in its work and pleasures going hand in hand. Whatever he had to do, in books, music, and athletic sports, was done with so much ardor and enthusiasm that he always got through successfully. And though he read quite as earnestly, it was the kind of study that never seemed to wear upon his exuberant spirits. The clear, well-balanced mind at once asserted its power in this new position, and self-discipline began where home influence had left off. No duty was ever neglected for an amusement, and yet he found ample time for everything and everybody.

One of his classmates writes of this peculiar facility of economizing time :—

“I never found Harry too busy to entertain a visitor, and he seemed free and delighted to meet his friends, notwithstanding his excessive labors. Aside from his college duties — and he was near the head of his class — he had enough work on hand to occupy the time of any ordinary man, yet he never appeared busy. When talking with us he never seemed to take any especial interest in his own affairs, and never spoke of his own success or his fair prospects in the future. This ‘time for everything’ mystified others beside myself. With all the work he had to accomplish, and with all the different calls upon him, he never made the excuse that he was in a hurry. He must have systematized his work or he could not have done so much ; and a pliant system it must have been, for he was always ready to be called on at the most irregular

seasons. Beside college studies and reading, his music, rowing, fencing and boxing, he took a prominent part in the Pudding theatricals, and was an active member of the O. K. and an editor of the 'Advocate.' Yet in spite of this, his friends never went to his room to get him to take a walk, but they found him ready to put aside whatever he was doing and start at once. Perhaps it was the faculty of concentration that placed him on this comfortable plane, and fairly enabled him to make time. Often in a crowded noisy room, he would take up a book and become so absorbed in its contents as to be utterly unconscious of what was going on around him."

The secret of his readiness to put aside his own work was moral as well as mental in its attractiveness, and it lay even deeper beneath the surface than this idea of good-fellowship admits. It was pure unselfishness, constantly responsive to the many demands upon it for sympathy or entertainment. He gave so freely of that generous personal interest which every one craves, that his companions were surprised, and could not fathom the source from which it sprang. But it was only another outward effect of the loveliness of his character, or that Christian grace that entered into every fibre of his being and shaped and colored his whole life. He was so thoroughly happy—he often said "he did not believe a happier boy existed than himself"—that he could not help conferring happiness on others.

All the pursuits of college were a delight to him. The studies, the students' meetings, the hazing and even being

hazed, were sources of pleasure, and yet by his own act he was restricted in many ways from the usual indulgence in these social frolics.

Just before entering Harvard, he gave, voluntarily, the following pledge to his mother, and it was kept with the utmost fidelity throughout those four happy years.

PLEDGE.

In view of the frightful evils of intemperance among young men, and with a devout prayer for Divine assistance, without which all resolutions are unavailing, I hereby solemnly pledge myself to abstain from wine and all spirituous liquors, from playing billiards in public halls, and from all company which would lead me into those temptations, so long as I continue a member of Harvard College.— So help me, God!

M. HENRY SIMPSON.

SAXONVILLE, September 8, 1867.

The class of '71 was an exceptional one in point of intellectual superiority and social standing, and it early promised to leave a noble record in the history of the University. There must have been plenty of hard work for Harry during his Freshman year, but a classmate who sat beside him at recitations says he never knew him to be unprepared. That he carried with him to Cambridge an earnest love of study was speedily recognized by both classmate and instructor.

“Mr. Simpson’s example is worth a great deal to Harvard. He is an earnest student, actuated by a deep love of knowledge. Many young men with wealthy parents come

here for the sport of the thing, or because it is fashionable ; but he comes with the purest desires, and such an example should teach you all," affirmed one of the Professors a little later. So even in that initial year his quiet influence was felt, and good fellowship vitalized into strong and lasting friendships with many of his companions.

At the commencement of the Sophomore year Harry took a prominent part in his class by founding, together with the assistance of his friend, H. Deming, a society that might rival in talent and fame the long-established Institute. The new society began in a little quartette that used to meet in J. R. Walter's room, for the interchange of ideas ; and Harry at that time contributed, effectively, his share to the various discussions. There were several meetings, and then he waved aside the opportunity of entering the Institute with its prestige of half a century, and bent all his energies toward raising this new-born society on a literary basis that should bear the shock of opposition.

It was not from any political ambition, or a dislike of the Institute, to which most of his friends belonged, that Harry ranged himself on the other side ; but he felt there was room for still another society, if properly managed ; and he wished those of his classmates who were unable to enter the Institute to share the pleasures so prized by an ambitious student. Thus it was the Everett Athenæum began, and as it appealed at once to the good-will and the good sense of Harvard men, it gained rapidly an intellectual position,

and soon ranked with the other society in popularity. But while using all his influence to help the establishment of the Athenæum, Harry became interested in another society of a different bias,—The Christian Brethren. This was a religious society with orthodox tenets, but of broad and independent views. Stanch and true in his simple creed, he fell naturally into its congenial fellowship, and very soon began to take an active part in all the doctrinal discussions arising at their weekly meetings. Another phase of his character was brought into relief by this new step.

It was remarkable that a young man of his social disposition, and possessed of gifts sure to attract the world's pleasures in no scant degree, could stop to be "religious," or could really enjoy the outward observances of Christian life. But it should not be forgotten that without a glimmer of cant or intolerance, his religious views were ardent and sincere, and proved the mainspring of his every action independently of what the world might think or say. It seems a sacrilege to tear away the veil from an immortal soul, and discuss its strength and purity, and we shrink from such a task. It must be enough for us to recall the modest, unpretending expressions of a boyhood made beautiful by deep conscientiousness, and to seek no other proof of what he was than in what he seemed.

With a mind so intelligent and so ready for argument, he could not escape being assailed by the popular doubts of the day as they appeared in literature and science. He

read broadly, deeply, and listened intelligently to the thinkers of this age; but, despite their brilliant reasoning and insidious philosophy he remained steadfast in his faith, and the hope of centuries.

Whenever he spoke at the meetings of the Christian Brethren, it was with thoughtful earnestness, and his remarks were received in the same spirit. Once at a society debate the question was raised, whether or no the love of money was the root of all evil. Several attempted to show that it was not, when Harry arose and said, he regarded the passage in question as being used figuratively, and, by the love of money, he understood, a desire for self-gratification and selfishness. His simple analysis cleared up the perplexing phrase, and brought the discussion to a close. The impression given of his earnest convictions at this period is clearly shown in these words of a sympathetic friend and class-mate:—

MY DEAR MRS. SIMPSON, — I wish, if I may be permitted, to add to the published memorial of my friend Harry Simpson a few recollections of his religious character.

Every remembrance of him is now doubly precious, and many hours of studying, walking, and visiting with him come to my mind. My first and deepest recollections of him, however, are in connection with his religious life.

For the first two years of his college course I was in the class before him. In my Junior year illness compelled me to go back a class, and one thing that always reconciled me to the change was that by it I formed a close friendship with Harry, who was

before only a mere acquaintance. This acquaintance began in the Christian Brethren Society, the social religious organization of the College. Its simple Thursday evening prayer-meetings, in a plain, retired room in College House, were a great source of help to the Christian student.

At these meetings, from the very first, Harry was to be regularly found in his place, and taking his part, be it in prayer, or singing, or practical suggestion, or in his turn as leader of the evening thought. I wish I had time to recall in detail the many illustrations that crowd upon me of the hearty way in which he took up all these duties.

Specially glad were we when it fell to Simpson's turn to preside at the meeting. To many of our members he represented a different element of college life from their own. They were quiet, slow, unworldly. Harry was quick, sharp, worldly in the best sense, a gleam from that active scene from which their student-life quite shut them out. Some of the things "hard to be understood" were grappled with in that old College-House room, and sometimes a member would stumble, even to falling, over some of the difficulties of Scripture. I remember well a time when there were serious doubts raised among many, I think, on the relation of science to religion. Harry had the leadership of the ensuing meeting; much care was necessary not to ignore the difficulties, yet to reassure the wavering and to hold fast by the faith. How manfully he (being at once an enthusiast in science, a straightforward reasoner, and a child in his religious faith) accomplished the result was witnessed by the satisfaction of all.

I can notice but two other aspects of his religious character, which, from circumstances of a personal nature, are strongly im-

pressed upon my memory. One of these was the social element in his religion. Such an element in connection with one's religion is always difficult, yet always important to realize, especially among young men, students, not united in a common church organization. Our meetings had not accomplished their purpose when the merely formal exercises were over; interchange of greetings, hearty words of good-will, were even more helpful than these in making religion real in our lives. In these courtesies Harry was foremost, inquiring the names of new members, bringing his frank, hearty nature to quicken this and that one, whose only claim to his friendship was his Christian brotherhood. My first vivid recollection of him is connected with a social gathering of the members at the rooms of the President. We were then in different classes, but chanced to be near together for much of the evening, and there the rich fund of his conversation, his ease in society, were brought to add pleasure to the hour. If I had never gained a closer friendship with him than that to which this common service entitled me, I should ever remember him as one whose Christianity found a place in every department of his life and character.

But I should convey a false impression if I let it be thought he was at all obtrusive in his religion. Singularly, almost to a fault, was he otherwise. At an election of officers in the society he was urged to accept the presidency. Twice, I think, was he unanimously elected, in spite of his most earnest protestations. I recall a long conversation I had with him to induce him to accept. In that he told me he did not feel his religious position was sufficiently advanced, that he was no fit standard-bearer for the religion of Harvard, that his time was so taken up with secu-

lar things as to bring discredit on his profession, that he had no claim to be elevated above many another his superior in experience. Such was the exalted estimate he put upon religion, such his distrust of himself. Yet no one more than he made secular things religious, no one better illustrated how the Christian could be in the world and not be soiled by it. As witness of this fact I should summon not myself, not his fellow-Christians, though they fully realized it, but his many friends who in their college days made no profession of a Christian life, but who looked on Harry Simpson with an oft-expressed admiration. If they found cant, hypocrisy, double-dealing elsewhere, they saw none of it in him. If many so-called Christians led them to despise the name, his consistency of life always led them to honor it.

I have been tempted to write at length on this subject of Harry's religious life. One recollection has suggested another, and I find them to be among my most prized memories. Whenever now I wish to portray to friends found since his death, a character strong and simple in Christian faith, yet earnest to acquire knowledge and keenly alive to earth's enjoyments, I take as illustration my college friend, Harry Simpson.

I thank you much for the privilege of offering these few words to his memory, and remain,

Very truly yours,

HARRY PIERCE NICHOLS.

ANDOVER THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

The love of music amounted to a passion with Harry. He studied indefatigably and never complained of the necessary drudgery. His piano was not only a source of pleasure to

himself, but his friends enjoyed his desultory playing almost as much as they would have done a more finished performance. After returning late at night from some concert or opera, he would sit down at the instrument and play over what he had heard. Now talking seriously of the science of the thing, then drifting into the sentiment of the moment, he would fall into some dreamy fantasy, apparently forgetting where he was or who was with him.

A thorough appreciation of what was best in music led him to study it far more earnestly than a mere fondness could have encouraged him to do; and his opinions and letters on the subject manifest the pure musicianly taste quite as much as the fine critical feeling of a young amateur.

Perhaps if his mental equipoise had been less perfect, this rare gift might have occupied a far more prominent place in his plans for the future than it did. But if he sought the highest forms of its expression, it was for art's sake alone; and all the other interests weighing as heavily in the balance were never neglected because his taste was so strongly bent in that direction.

But Harry possessed a many-sided character, and those admitted to his friendship soon discovered that its moral traits were as rounded and as perfected as was the brain power or the warm sympathy which had attracted them instinctively and permanently. Each one saw in him a different gift in harmony with his own tastes, and each one felt that gift might be cultivated with success, had he chosen to make it paramount to all the rest.

Rev. B. Northrup writes of Harry from still another standpoint when he says:—

“From a child, his love of books took a definite form in historical reading. As he grew to manhood he planned out a course of historical study so liberal, so comprehensive, it would have required years for its completion. He was greatly indebted to his father’s judicious influence for this noble taste. Discriminating questions concerning favorite writers and the scenes and characters they depicted had early fostered the historic spirit. But his father, not content with the mere repetition of books, would discuss the justness of the author’s views or opinions, and thereby awakened in the boy a love for criticism and the power for logical analysis. It was admirable discipline, and Harry enjoyed the conversations as delightful recreations.”

With this natural taste encouraged from the beginning, it was not singular that the desire to make the study of history a definite profession should have taken a strong hold upon him as soon as he was old enough to have a decided bias in any particular direction. In time it became an ambition. The peculiar facility with which he acquired knowledge, his untiring application, his wonderful power of mental concentration, his keen analytical perception, and above all the integrity of his purpose, were strong and eloquent reasons why he should have been drawn to this branch of literature as a profession. The history of the past and the present, with its wondrous quick and dead stories of great and little deeds, appeared to him the inspirational source of his future career.

But when the four college years were drawing to a close, and when class honors were only a hand-stretch from him, the whole course of that career was changed, and he abandoned literature, as a pursuit, for the active duties of a business life.

It seems now, as it seemed then, as though this act of self-abnegation surrounded the boy's character with somewhat of that old splendor which clings to the memory of courageous men who have dared renounce their dearest wishes simply for the sake of another's happiness. The sacrifice was worthy of the man. It came generously from the heart and reason, and asked no recognition, save the consciousness of its being right. It was not so easy to set aside his boyish ambitions, but duty never pleaded with him in vain, and he felt that in this final choice he could fulfil the hopes of an indulgent and a loving father. Harry's reverent admiration for the sagacity and the intellectual power of that father increased with his ability to comprehend his parent's motives, and to grasp both sides of a question, involving not only the welfare of so many others, but his own individual success in life. Their intimate companionship had early awakened in the boy a tender pride and a perfect confidence in his father's ultimate judgment and opinions that were very beautiful to contemplate in an age when independence of action seems to be the sole desire of young men. And now, when ready to become his own guide through a labyrinth of experiences, he proved his loyalty and filial affection by cheerfully adopting

this new direction of his life. Even before leaving Harvard he began to take an active interest in manufactures, and would mingle a philanthropic spirit in their study that showed his intentions in an altogether different light from the ordinary pursuit of trade. It was his determination to forward the advancement, if possible, of less fortunate but meritorious men, by striking out in new paths and assuming the responsibility of their welfare. The hundreds of souls to be committed to his charge should always have his personal care and attention. Mr. J. A. Lawrence, a classmate of Harry's, relates a conversation he held with him on this subject at Dresden (1871); he says:—

“We were telling each other what we had planned to do in life. I was to enter business,—a change from my original purpose,—and he said I ought not to look upon such an occupation as likely to confine my usefulness and influence within narrow bounds. He too expected to engage in business, but he did not feel in the slightest that he was throwing himself away; he anticipated ample opportunity for conferring such benefits upon society as his education and training made possible, and he should endeavor to make the men who might come under his control more capable of understanding their relations to capital, and their relations to each other; he would educate them to consider progress in all things the best aim of their lives,—progress in mental standards, progress in moral standards, and so on. I could not help noticing that while giving his reasons for feeling satisfied with his choice of a business career, there

were no lingering considerations of self. His sole motive appeared to be the hope of widening his influence for the sake of others."

The spring of '71 was filled with many social excitements naturally attending the close of college life. But amid all the arduous preparations for graduating, class gayeties, and the anticipations of that year in Europe promised him as a relaxation before the real labor of his life should begin, Harry found time and inclination to assume another responsibility. The first Sunday in May he made a public profession of religion by joining Park Street Church. With all the conflicting influences then around him, this step was certainly a remarkable instance of moral courage; but the independence, the earnestness, of such an act was thoroughly in keeping with a character as strong and as pure as his. Nor could there have been a fairer or more distracting outlook than the one now stretching before him, — health, and wealth, and the unbounded enthusiasm of twenty years!

When Harvard and the noble class of '71 had fairly parted company, Harry began to eagerly push forward his plans for the year's holiday, and that year seemed to concentrate and mature the work and pleasure of a lifetime. Every day added a richer bloom to the ripening nature, every day perfected its generous resolves and drew it onward and upward from the mortal strife. We did not dream it then, but many, many years were to be crowded into those short

months, and the truth flows back in great waves of light, until we can see the wherefore of it in the present that is lived without him.

Harry sailed in the "Malta," for Liverpool, the 1st of August, and drank his first draught of freedom on the briny Atlantic. He writes home to his mother a bright, running description of his fellow-passengers, and their various sea-going entertainments, and then chronicles his safe arrival in England on the 13th of that month.

"Here I am, safe and sound. The smoky air says England. The dingy houses say England. The little boys dressed like undersized men say England. The men themselves, with their stand-up collars and remarkable hats, say England. So does the quiet hotel, with its silent waiters, its decorous coffee-room, and its young women in charge of the office."

The route he had sketched out quietly at home was somewhat changed by the advice of a "Malta" acquaintance, and the Italian trip was postponed until he could have two or three months' study in London, Paris, or Berlin. But after a week's sight-seeing in London, Harry hurried over to Paris, and the 27th of August found him at Chamouni, fairly launched on his vacation-tramp,—the holiday before a winter's work should set in. His letters were to be his only journal,—minute particulars of what he saw and what he did from day to day,—and they give the best idea of the fresh experiences that befell him in his Alpine trip.

CHAMOUNI, August 7, 1871.

MY DEAR FATHER, — Here I am at Chamouni, where we spent a day or two, four years ago; but Chamouni now is very different from Chamouni then. In the first place it is now August, and it was then May, and although to-day finds the mountains rather hidden by the clouds, still yesterday was the finest day that I ever spent among mountains. I improved it to the utmost, and got great good, I think, for both body and soul. In the first place the walk was a good stretch for my weak legs, for I left Chamouni at a little after seven in the morning, and did n't return till a few minutes before six at night. Of course I was n't on my feet all the time, and the return was down hill, but I had about eight hours of solid walking and climbing, which was quite enough to begin with. O, what a glorious thing is this fresh mountain air! I feel twice the man I was for it, already. But it was the view which I got yesterday which made the excursion valuable for a lifetime. I think I shall never forget it. There was not a cloud in the sky, and every peak in the great range of Mont Blanc stood out clear and soft against the sky; the valley was a bright emerald, above it the sombre green of the fir-covered slopes, while still farther up the ruddy-brown needles and dazzling white of the snow-capped peaks shot up into the deep blue of the sky.

From the valley one gets no idea of the grandeur, the tremendous massiveness, of these mountains; but from the top of the Brevent, which is about half the height of Mont Blanc, you are impressed and indeed almost overwhelmed by the immensity of the great mountain king. There is a stanza, written I don't know by whom, which I used to see in some old reading-book

years ago, and which I came across this morning in Murray, which appeals with especial force to me now :—

“Mont Blanc is the monarch of mountains;
 They crowned him long ago,
 On a throne of rocks, in a robe of clouds,
 With a diadem of snow.”

I went up, yesterday, a mountain called the Flegère, and then by a path of some three miles over the mountains, walked to an upland pasture called Planprag, from which I ascended the Brevent, which, as I said, is about 8,000 feet high. The path all along is in full sight of Mont Blanc, being just on the other side of the valley, and by thus having the great mountain continually before my eyes throughout the day I gained a familiarity with it which, so far from breeding contempt, has begotten an admiration such as I never, I think, felt before for any object in nature. I don't wonder that the Swiss are a homesick race when away from these grand scenes. . . .

With regard to this designing, I have been talking with several gentlemen much interested in the subject, and I find that it will be much better for me to study a few months in Paris before travelling much; and so after a few weeks of this grandly invigorating mountain work to build me up a little, I am going to return to Paris as nearly as may be to October 1st, and then for three and perhaps four months work with the best advantages that the place affords to get a thorough critical knowledge of design. I must close soon, but will first give you a diary of the week, of which I spent Monday and Tuesday at Paris, Tuesday night and part of Wednesday *en route* for Geneva, where I stayed till Friday morning, when I started for this

place. Saturday I have described at greater length, and Sunday was spent at church in the morning and by a walk in the afternoon. You must write me occasionally, father dear, and tell me about the business and the state of the country, as well as home matters.

Give my love to all, keeping the great store which you have always had from your son

HARRY.

ZERMATT, September 3, 1871.

DEAR GRACE, — I wish that you could see your brother attired for an Alpine tramp. My Adirondack costume resembled my present one a little, but was a little wilder. What with my heavy boots studded with nails, my face tanned and burnt in the sun, with a ten-days' beard on, a handkerchief pinned on my hat and flapping gracefully down behind, a pair of blue spectacles on to protect my eyes from the reflection of the sun on the surf, a rough suit of thick grayish-brown clothes, the pants turned up pretty far, and a dark-blue woollen shirt probably open and without cravat, with my alpenstock in my hand and my flask slung over my shoulder, you would have some difficulty in recognizing an A. B. of respectable family before you. But my tour in Switzerland so far has been perfectly delightful, and I am beginning to feel really acquainted with these magnificent mountains and glaciers. I have told father, in my letter to him, of my first day at Chamouni, and the glorious view of Mont Blanc that I had. Well, on Sunday afternoon I took a short walk down to the Glacier des Boissons (the glacier, don't you know, that our guide said was *plus propre* than the Mer de Glace) and found that — thanks to my fencing, which has taught me to keep a firm footing under any circum-

stances — I could walk pretty well on the ice. On Monday I went up to Chapeau (where we went, you recollect, four years ago), and from there crossed the Mer de Glace to the Montauvert. The only part of this little excursion that is at all exciting is the Mauvais Pas, which is really quite a precipice, and along which you walk by means of steps cut in the rock; but there is a railing all the way along to take hold of, so that you have no feeling at all of being on a precipice. The next morning I started at six for the Jardin, of which you have heard so much. We walked up the Mer de Glace as far as the junction of the three glaciers which unite to form it, stopping occasionally to peep down into some of the great crevasses which gape here and there, showing their hungry gullets of fifty feet and more in depth, and the *moulins*, or big holes, down which in the afternoon great streams of water, from the melting of the glacier on the top, pour with all sorts of horrible roarings and gurglings. About the time when we reached the head of the Mer de Glace, the sun, which had already lit the tips of the mountains, so far condescended as to show his face to us, though the lower mortals at Chamouni had to wait still another hour, I fancy, for his appearance. We now had to climb a moraine of the Glacier du Talèfre, a stiff bit of very steep up-hill walking.

A moraine is simply an enormous dirt-heap filled with stones of all sizes, like the plums in a pudding; and the loose dirt, giving no foothold, makes the walking doubly hard, at the same time that it is insufferably stupid. However, we got to the top in time, and then, crossing the glacier, found ourselves at the far-famed Jardin. This is simply an upland pasture in which the wild-flowers of Switzerland grow in great numbers. We saw one or two butterflies here, and one bird. It makes a very striking picture, for it

is entirely surrounded by snow, and fortified on every side by the bare Aiguilles of this tremendous chain. It owes its existence to the fact that just above it on the mountain-slope a great ledge of rocks juts out and divides the glacier to the right and left, thus leaving a triangular space in the centre, which the glacier has still further fortified by depositing moraines along its sides, while, being upon the slope a little way up, it is above the level of the great Glacier du Talèfre, which fills the valley below it as it slowly flows past and forms the third side of the triangle. Being thus free from snow and ice, on a southern slope, and well watered by the melting ice above it in the summer days, vegetation has had a capital chance to flourish here in a small way, and the little green oasis is certainly a delightful spot in a landscape of rock and snow. The view of the Aiguilles here is exceedingly fine, for you are entirely surrounded by them. Up from the ice pavement of the glacier on every side rise these walls of rock with lofty turrets and battlements, until you might fancy that you had penetrated to the very stronghold of the Frost-King himself.

After eating my dinner I strolled along with my guide from the rest of the party, for there were several others who came up at the same time, and, lying down on a rock, I was soon asleep. I awoke in about an hour, and found myself alone with my alpenstock. I knew that my guide had gone down to see the rest of the party, but I resolved to teach him a lesson, and so I clambered up alone to the very top of the Jardin among the rocks, about a quarter of a mile off. I had n't reached the top before I heard him crying out, but I let him cry till I had thoroughly enjoyed the sight of this savage landscape alone, and then, stepping out to the edge of the high rock, I returned his jodel. The poor

fellow had been fearfully scared, for he fancied that I had wandered out on the glacier and was lost in a crevasse, and I think it will be some time before he leaves anybody else without their knowledge. We arrived at Montauvert by three o'clock, and I slept there again that night. The next morning we started at four o'clock (I was waked at three,—think of it, Harry Simpson up at three!) for the Col du Géant. For this expedition I had to take two guides, and the last half of the way we were tied together with a rope. I have not left myself time to describe our ascent, and the magnificent crevasses and ice architecture that we saw, nor how fatiguing it was, nor the glorious view from the summit, eleven thousand feet high, nor yet how I beat a couple of Englishmen, old climbers, both up and down, by a half-hour each way, nor how I used myself up in doing it. The whole thing was a fourteen-hour walk, which is no joke for a novice. I got down all right, however, though pretty tired, and with feet in rather a bad condition. So the next day, instead of walking to Martigny over the Tête Noire, as I had proposed, I took a mule. We went by a new route which is far finer than the Tête Noire both in near and distant scenery, and which brought me out at Vernayaz just opposite the opening of the Gorge du Trient. Friday morning I explored this, also the Pissevache Waterfall (which we saw from the railway going from Lion to Villeneuve, you remember), and in the afternoon started up the valley of the Rhone for Visp. The railroad has been pushed a little above Lion now to Lierre, but there I had to take the diligence to Visp, which I reached at ten p. m. At five the next morning I was up again, and at six on my way up the valley on horseback. I rode for about four hours to San Niklaus, and from there took a carriage to Zermatt, which I

reached in the middle of the afternoon. I am going to do a little walking about here, and then cut across the Bernese Oberland (which you know we did not see) to Lucerne, where my letters are all awaiting me. I am in a very great hurry to get there, for I have only had one letter from home since my arrival, having been disappointed by receiving none at Geneva. I shall be at Lucerne, I suppose, in just about a fortnight, and then I shall revel in home news. . . .

My love to all who take an interest in your loving though distant brother

HARRY.

LEUKERBAD, September 10.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—I am looking forward very eagerly, I assure you, to next Friday evening, when I shall be at Lucerne devouring my home letters with an appetite never before felt. For you know it is six weeks and more since I have heard of home, except through that little note of yours, written two or three days after my departure. I hardly know what to ask about as to home matters, for I don't know what questions are already answered. I hope that Gracie is very much better than when I left. I wrote her last Sunday, but dwelt at such length on my own adventures as to leave neither time nor room for inquiries. I suppose I shall either meet or hear from Mr. Sanderson at Lucerne. At present I am not even sure whether he has come or not.

Mother, such a glorious time as I am having in Switzerland, and such a prodigious muscle as I am developing! It's lucky my whole trip is not to be a Swiss tour, or there would be no controlling me when I returned. Yesterday morning I began my

day's journey by a walk of twelve or fifteen miles, which I did in three hours and a half, carrying my knapsack on my back. It's jolly to be so independent, carrying all your luggage along with you; but alas! the legitimate results of rapid travelling, with only a knapsack full of clothes, are dirt unutterable. As my clothes can't be washed very often, I have to make it up by washing myself the more, and I believe that more than half the time which I don't spend in the open air I spend at the washbowl. But O, mother, how has vanity departed! Even a mother would find it difficult to be proud of such a face as your son's, for it is red and half peeled, and as I can't touch a razor to it there is upon it a two weeks' beard; and then, my nose—ye Gods! my nose, half again larger than its natural size (which is n't too small), a shapeless mass of red flesh, and corrugated for all the world like a small potato blushing to find itself so thrust upon public notice. I have seen only one worse nose in Switzerland, and that is saying a great deal. This last week has been a pretty busy one with me. On Monday I began walking again, having rested since Wednesday, when my long tramp to the Col du Géant rather used my feet up. Monday I went (from Zermatt, where last Sunday's letter was written) up to the Hömli, a peak just at the foot of the Matterhorn, and in fact merely a continuation of one ridge or *arête* of that famous peak. From no point is the Matterhorn more imposing, for its tremendous precipices lift themselves into the air within a quarter of a mile of you, and as you look up at the gigantic obelisk, for such it almost seems, rising nearly straight up toward heaven, no rival peak near by to lessen the effect of its massiveness by comparison, you are almost overwhelmed by it, and as you look it seems as if it would

topple over and crush you. It is so devoid of color, too, — a mere gray rock with white patches of snow, — that its dreary monotone produces somewhat the same chilling effect as the cold, passionless glare of a serpent's eye. So at least it seemed to me from the Hömli; but a day or two after, seen in the glow which precedes sunrise, the terrible Matterhorn seemed almost beautiful, its cliffs warmed into a ruddy hue and its snow patches tinged with a lovely pink by the warm light which the world was waiting for. But it was only a passing mood, and as the sun rose higher, the old mountain relapsed into his cold, stern, forbidding aspect once more, as if even the moment's good-humor were uncongenial to him.

Tuesday I went up the Mettelhorn, from which I think there is the finest view accessible to ordinary climbers near Zermatt, except, perhaps, that from the Crima di Jazzi, which I did not see. The Matterhorn, and to the left of it, Monte Rosa, with all its attendant snow-peaks, then the line of the Mischabel, and looking down the valley of Zermatt, in the distance the mountains of the Bernese Oberland, while between these and the Matterhorn, completing the wonderful panorama, is the Weisshorn, the most inaccessible of the Alps, and another chain of snow-capped summits and glaciers. The summit from which you see this view is just large enough for three or four persons to sit down upon, and on two sides of it are precipices perhaps a thousand feet high, while the other two are steep ascents. The effect is wonderful. You seem suspended in mid-air, and the view is more like one from a balloon than from any point of mother earth. Wednesday I went up to the Riffel Hotel, on a mountain just facing the Matterhorn, and walked up to the Gorner Grat,

from which one has the finest view of Monte Rosa which can be got from the north. Except for this, however, I did not like the view so well as either that from the Hömli or that from the Matterhorn. Thursday I made my highest point, ascending the Höchste Spitze of Monte Rosa, 15,200 feet above the level of the sea. It was a very fatiguing climb, and took, including rests, about seventeen hours, of which nine and a half were occupied in the ascent, and one hour on the top. Unfortunately we were enveloped in clouds almost all the time that we were on the summit, and I got no view on the Italian side, and but glimpses to the north and west. But the effect even of these glimpses from such a height was wonderful; all lesser elevations were lost entirely, the glaciers seemed perfectly flat, and only the greater mountains retained the effect of height. The Matterhorn seemed quite insignificant. Instead of towering into heaven, alone in his great elevation, we could see the distant ranges over his head, and as the southern *arête* is in sight from here, he had lost his striking shape, and was simply a rough-looking pyramid, like so many of his brothers. The next day I walked down to Zermatt, and took a carriage to San Niklaus, half-way down the valley, where I spent the night. The only effects of the Monte Rosa expedition were, that I felt rather tired, and had a headache from the exposure to the sun. I did not feel the least inconvenience from the rarity of the air.

Saturday morning I started for Visp for the first time, with my knapsack on my back. I reached here in three hours and a half, as I told you, then took the diligence to Sursten, and after a delay of three hours there, which made me lose this lovely valley of Leuk, I rode up here, arriving at nine. It is

a curious place. People stay in the baths eight hours of the day, and in bed the rest of the time. They have floating tables in the water, with their lunch, books, papers, chess-boards, and there they spend their time. Thank Heaven that I am only a spectator!

From here I go over the Gemmi Pass to Lauterbrunnen and Grindelwald, and then to Lucerne. Love to all, with a great deal for yourself from your son

HARRY.

LUCERNE, September 17, 1871.

MY DEAR MOTHER,— . . . But perhaps you would like to know what I have been doing since my last letter from Leukerbad. I have not been idle by any means. Early Monday morning I started off alone, my knapsack on my back, to cross the Gemmi, one of the most striking passes in Switzerland. The road, or, rather, mule path, is carried up the face of a precipice for fifteen hundred or two thousand feet, taking advantage of the shoulder of a ravine which a stream has worn in the rock, in constructing the zigzags, and thus for the first two or three hours the effect is very imposing. The rest of the pass is by no means so fine, however, an exceedingly dismal mountain-lake at the summit being the most marked feature, with the exception of a lovely view at the other end of the high level of the Gasteren Thal, a miniature Yo Semite, with the precipices, the domes, and the beautiful coloring that report gives its Californian counterpart. This valley, as I saw it, from the Gemmi, looking down into it, and the next morning, from the floor of the valley itself, strikes me as one of the most beautiful in Switzer-

land, though I have never heard much, or, indeed, anything, said about it.

The Gemmi gave me five hours of sharp walking to Kanderstag. The rest of the day was rest for me. I read a play of Erckmann Chatrian's, and made friends with some large St. Bernard dogs which I should like to have transported to Saxonville. The next morning I started on a more extended tramp over a longer pass, the Tschingel Glacier, to Lauterbrunnen. Our way lay up through the lovely Gasteren Thal, which we both entered and left by gorges which would be thought wonderfully fine anywhere but in Switzerland, and then by another valley to the ice-falls of the glacier. A stiff climb of an hour and a half up the moraine and steep mountain-side overcame the two thousand feet of the ice-fall. We now went upon the glacier and up a gradual ascent of several miles to the summit of the pass, seeing several avalanches from the Blumlis Alp on our left as we passed. From the Col, or summit of the pass, there is a very fine view of the chain of the Jungfrau, which was fortunately clear of clouds. From here we descended partly on the glacier, partly on the moraine and cliffs. It was a long day, twelve hours and a half, with only one hour's rest. I carried the haversack of provisions to-day for the first time. It is astonishing what a difference eight or ten pounds makes in going up hill. This day brought me to the Lauterbrunnen. The next morning I had to go down to Interlaken to draw some money, and, coming as I did from the solitude and rough costumes of the High Alps in my half-savage guise to this full and fashionable watering-place, I was very much impressed with the fashion and elegance around me. I saw, in a register of foreigners at the banker's here, the names

of the Northrops and the Putnams. I called upon them, but they had gone a day or two before. My forced visit to Interlaken, however, was a little unlucky, for instead of starting over the Wengern Alp at half past five or six, as I should have liked, I had to start at quarter past eleven, in the heat of the day. Up I went, though, with my knapsack, and I think that it was the hardest three hours' work I ever did, which brought me to the hotel opposite the Jungfrau. The view from this spot is unique. On the other side of a ravine, and about a mile distant, rises the magnificent mountain wall, of which the Jungfrau forms the highest peak. Nowhere that I have been, not even in looking at Mont Blanc from the Brevent, do you get such an overpowering feeling of the tremendous mass of a great mountain. For here it is before you, a gigantic wall only broken into a slope at the top, and near enough for you to measure unconsciously, by the standard of things about you, its immensity. We saw a number of avalanches, and at last one which was really imposing, with a roar like thunder and a rush of snow that completely filled the ravine down which it fell and overflowed upon the mountain-side in a cloud of white dust. I stopped here a little more than an hour to enjoy the view and get my lunch, and then went down on the Grindelwald side, doing the whole thing in five hours' walking. Hearing a great deal about the view from the Faulhorn, I determined, instead of going directly from Grindelwald to Meissengen by the great Scheideck, to take the Faulhorn on the way. This made a walk of over ten hours for Thursday; but, though owing to a badly chafed leg, every step for the last four hours was painful, I was amply repaid by the magnificent view from the Faulhorn, which certainly is the best

point on the north from which to see the high mountains of the Bernese Oberland. On Friday I took the diligence from Meissengen to Lucerne, having walked every step of the way from Leukerbad to Meissengen, and having done four passes and a mountain in four days.

The road over the Brunig and by Larnen seemed quite familiar in many places, but, O, how slowly the hours rolled by till I came to Lucerne and got at my letters! I am now quite a dandy, for I have shaved my three weeks' beard, put on respectable boots, a white shirt, a black coat, and a clean hat. My nose is much improved and has recovered its usual shape, but persists in a fiery color, which threatens to become chronic. Saturday I rested here, doing a little shopping.

Monday I am going up Rigi, and I hope to be more successful than we were before. Tuesday I go to Andermatt by the St. Gothard, Wednesday by the Ober Alp to Reichenau, Thursday to Ragatz, Friday to Schongau in the Tyrol, and Saturday morning will probably see me in Ober-Ammergau, seeking where to lay my head for the next two nights. The following week by Munich and Frankfort directly to the Rhine, and after a couple of days or so amid its castles and hills, I shall spend Sunday with Deming in Bonn, and then back to Paris, where I shall settle for three months, unless there is cholera or a revolution to prevent. Such are my plans as far as I have any at present. Give my love to everybody, and mind that mother is not slighted in the distribution, says her loving son

HARRY.

PARIS, October 8, 1871.

DEAR MOTHER, — I have lost a Sunday, and what is worse, I have let a whole week since go by without writing you, and before I tell you anything else, let me tell you what has prevented me, that you may not think your son entirely forgetful of the home in America, which is just as truly the centre of my happiness while I wander about here three thousand miles away from it, as it was in the days when my farthest travels and most adventurous voyages brought up at Barney's upper meadow or the grist-mill. The circle is a little bigger now, that is all; the centre is unchanged.

The trouble was, in the first place, that I spent Sunday with Deming at Bonn, and we had so much to say to each other that I really could not get a moment to myself. Monday I came to Paris, and Tuesday morning whom should I meet but my class-mate, Cabot Lodge? That completed the misadventure. It has been nothing but dinners with each other ever since, and this, in addition to all the trouble natural to going to housekeeping in a modest way, has taken absolutely every moment of my time. But I am going to make up for it by writing you a nice long letter to-day.

First and foremost, then, to take up the story where I left it off in my last, comes the Ammergau Passion-play. I reached Ammergau about four or half past on Saturday afternoon, having made no arrangements for bed or ticket.

The village is very prettily situated in a valley whose mountain-sides rise abruptly on either side, one peak in particular being very bold, something like Eagle Cliff in the Franconia Notch, but more isolated. It holds (ordinarily), I should imagine, from six to eight hundred inhabitants. The houses are of stone, stuc-

coed and frescoed as in the northern part of Italy (except that the frescos are, far oftener than there, of devotional subjects), but the roofs are in the Swiss *châlet* style. My first care was to find a sleeping-place, of course, and after some difficulty and many references to my "Murray's Manual of Conversation," I got my driver to understand that I wanted him to do this little piece of business for me. After about half an hour's trudging about I found a place which seemed tolerably clean, where I could have a bed in the same room with three other travellers, to be sure, but then that was a small consideration, and I took it. My ticket was the next care. All the "swell" places were gone, and I had to take one of the open-air seats among the peasants, — a great deal better than the costlier seats on many accounts, as I afterwards found out. Being now easy as to both bodily and spiritual refreshment, I thought that I would have a look at the town and people, and naturally enough my steps turned toward the theatre.

To say that the town was full of people and carriages is to put it mildly, — it was jammed; and the curiously heterogeneous mixture of nations and characters made the crowd a very interesting one to study. Englishmen, with their hats tied up in white-handkerchief veils; Tyrolese peasants and huntsmen, the former in black roundabouts with double rows of silver buttons made from florins, the latter with gray suits jauntily trimmed with green, both wearing the hat and feather of which I give you a very unpicturesque sketch here; Bavarian soldiers with their queer caps and dark uniform; sober German *paterfamilias*; Americans staring to find themselves in such company; couriers enraged at being brought so far out of their natural course, and away from their wonted and highly esteemed luxuries; drivers swearing at each

other — or, out of respect to the play, we will say only talking very loud — because a lane that could only by courtesy be called big enough for one carriage would not hold two. Such was the crowd through which I threaded my way — the intricate mass of carriages really made quite a respectable labyrinth — toward the theatre.

I give you below a rough ground-plan of the theatre, which, with the little picture enclosed, will give you a better idea of what the play is. The shaded parts of the plan show what is under cover; the rest of the theatre is open to the sky. The stage, as you see, occupies all one end of the theatre. The front part of it, or proscenium, I have marked 5. On either side two side scenes represent a colonnade in perspective, the broken black lines just back of the proscenium scenes representing houses, and the openings in this line show streets extending almost to the back of the stage. I have marked these 1-1, and indicated by lines the side scenes which give them the effect of streets. The houses marked 3 and 4 have doors and balconies, and are supposed to belong respectively to Pilate and Annas the high-priest. Between these houses falls a curtain painted to represent a view of Jerusalem. At times this curtain rises, disclosing the central stage, which is covered. The play is divided into eighteen acts, each act being the portrayal of some passage in the last part of our Saviour's life. These acts, however, are divided into three parts; for before the scenes from our Saviour's life there are tableaux vivants of such Old Testament scenes as are typical of the part of gospel history about to be represented; and these tableaux are preceded and accompanied by a solemn song of the chorus, in which the relation of the tableaux to the action of the play, of the types to their fulfilment, is told

very poetically. The music, composed by the village schoolmaster sixty or seventy years ago, is very noble, though not very striking, and forms a worthy accompaniment to the piece. The chorus is quite like the chorus of the old Greek tragedies, and this division of the play into singing, tableaux, and the great drama itself prevents your feeling the strain of so long a representation.

At six o'clock on Sunday morning I took my place among the crowd at one of the entrances to the theatre, for I had no reserved seat, and it was first come first served. I had a couple of rolls and four apples in my pockets to serve me for a dinner, as I did not dare to leave my seat and my shawl, which was to serve by turns as cushion and water-proof. Being so early, there were only two or three hundred people before me, and so, after standing till seven, when the doors were opened, I got a capital place. As you see in the little picture, the mountains were in sight beyond the stage, and they helped very much to remove the play beyond the range of ordinary theatricals, and to make it seem, as it is, a thing by itself. I kept thinking of the old Greek and Roman theatre, where the people, with the blue Mediterranean beyond their stage, would sometimes be summoned from their play to arms, as a hostile fleet of galleys rowed in sight. I did n't feel all day as if I could be in the nineteenth century, and awake, my surroundings seemed so fully to belong to the past.

At last, as eight o'clock struck, the orchestra began, and the chorus filed out from either side upon the proscenium, headed by their leader (of whom I send a photograph), and forming a line which reached almost across the stage. They were dressed in bright-colored tunics, and each had, besides, a loose floating garment which fell in graceful folds behind him. They accompanied

their song with gestures. After the opening song they fell back to right and left in two lines, which reached out from either side of the central stage. The curtain now rises and discloses the scene of Adam and Eve being driven from Paradise. After this the chorus takes up its song, telling of the deliverance in store; another tableau follows, and the chorus then file off the stage to either side, and the first act begins. The curtain of the central stage rises, showing a street in Jerusalem. The multitude begin to pour in with palm branches in their hands, singing hozannas. Finally, Christ appears, mounted on an ass and followed by his disciples. At the first sight of this representation of our Saviour I felt a slight shock, the only one which I experienced during the day. His features were rather harsh, and his brow a little too low, but his bearing singularly noble and dignified. The crowd passed from the central stage to one of the side streets, and then came out on the proscenium. From the other side the priests and Pharisees came out and began to dispute with Jesus. The dialogue follows the Scripture very closely, and Christ's manner in speaking was simple but majestic in its thorough and perfect dignity. The curtain of the central stage now rose again (it had been lowered just after the beginning of the scene), and you saw the temple with the merchants and money-changers buying and selling therein. In the whole of the scene that followed, and especially in the driving out of the money-changers with the scourge, the bearing of Christ became almost awe-inspiring. His action was that of a king who, with nothing but the force of his single great will, drives the multitude before him like dust before the wind, though he has no longer a servant or ally to help him. This was the key-note of his conception and acting throughout.

I will not describe the play further, for I have written enough to give you an idea of what it is. The most remarkable thing in it is the perfect earnestness and reverence with which the actors from first to last take their parts, the accuracy with which they understand and conceive them, the wonderful taste and sense of the beautiful shown in posing the figures and arranging the draperies, and the resemblance of faces to the types of the old masters.

The part of Judas was wonderfully delineated, as was also that of Caiaphas. I meant to have told you how thoroughly the peasants around me entered into the play, how they laughed when the high-priests were rebuked, and cried when the terrible parts came, and of the alternatives of sun and rain, and of many more of my thoughts and impressions than I am able to jot down in this stupid attempt to describe a wonderful sight. But I must condense it all in saying that I went away with a fresher sense of the reality of Christ's life than I ever had.

I fear that my long letter is rather stupid, for I feel what a sad jumble I have made of my description.

Of my journeyings to Munich, Ulm, Mayence, and the Rhine, of my stay with Deming at Bonn, of my visit to Cologne, and journey here to Paris, of my confabs and sight-seeing with Cabot Lodge, and of my struggles to get this room, I have left no time to tell. My next will have an account of my new quarters and my new life.

I have received your letters up to September 18. Thank Bessie for the monogram, and Grace and Frank for their letters. I shall begin to answer them soon.

Ever your loving son

HARRY.

By the 1st of October Harry had returned to Paris, set up his bachelor's establishment in the Quartier Latin, and amid sight-seeing and visiting, had gone resolutely to work in the School of Design. It was his determination to become a thorough draughtsman, and to be practically capable of overseeing the designs required for the factories in which his father was interested. It was not only the mechanical knowledge necessary to perfect him in the science of American manufactures that he meant to master, but the artistic details, and he threw himself heart and soul into the undertaking. In one of his first Paris letters he writes his sister : —

“You may be interested to know about my art studies. I go every morning to the school and draw from half past eight till eleven. I am doing heads from lithographs, being now at work on my fifth. And I am getting to outline much faster and better than when I entered the school, three weeks ago. Besides the instruction of the Professor, all the pupils are constantly looking over each other's drawings, correcting, suggesting, criticising, so it is no wonder that one progresses very rapidly. As soon as my eye becomes a little better trained I'm going to draw from casts, and then finally, during the last month of my stay here, I may devote myself entirely to the study, practical and theoretical, of ornament. But of course the first thing is to train my eye, and for that my present course is the best. You would enjoy — supposing you were a boy like me, and could go there — these schools, and their method of instruction, for it enables one to draw anything off-hand with a good deal

of accuracy. . . . I have been so busy this week I haven't a moment for letter-writing, and indeed I had more time when I was travelling than now I am quietly settled down in Paris."

PARIS, October 15, 1871.

DEAR FATHER,—Though I have not yet heard from you in answer to my first letter, still, as you will probably be most interested in knowing of my work here, I will write this letter to you, though my letters are such common property I don't know as it makes much difference whether your name or mother's figures on the envelope. But before saying a word about myself, the terrible calamity which has fallen upon Chicago forces itself upon me and demands some expression for the profound pity and sorrow which such a disaster must cause every American to feel. I cannot, though in the midst of a half-burnt city myself, realize the incredible extent of the conflagration. As yet we have not heard the particulars, and I am at a loss to understand how the flames could have got such terrible headway as to be past checking by any means. The suffering must be frightful even now among so many thousands of houseless wretches, with winter almost upon them. In the sharp, keen competition between the Western cities, had any other than Chicago received such a blow, I should have doubted the possibility of recovery, but the advantage of her position and the almost supernatural energy of her citizens will enable Chicago, I suppose, to regain in time her old prosperity, but it will be a hard struggle. Meanwhile, what generous contributions are pouring in from all sides! I think that it is a glorious feature of our century, this large and open-handed generosity, which knows no limits such as those

of country, neighborhood, religion, which bounded the almsgiving of former generations. If our charity is broader, more comprehensive, and on a grander scale than formerly, there is certainly one direction in which we are moving upwards and not downwards. The loss of property is something positively without parallel. The number of failures which must result, I should think, would be immense, and how such an amount of property can be absolutely destroyed without almost a general panic, I can scarcely understand. Every business man must be affected both directly in his dealings with Chicago and indirectly in the general derangement of business.

But to leave so sad a subject and come from this terrible tragedy to the light comedy of my daily life, I am established here in Paris, settled down at the regular work of my year. I have a little suite of three rooms, all of them small, low-studded, but very cosy, in the entresol of a house over in the Quartier Latin, which is across the river from the fashionable side where we were. I am thus completely out of the world of travellers, and find myself in a little knot of students in different branches of art, who form a little world of their own. It is quite a curious little world, however. Its society is mostly confined to the daily meetings at the café, for we are almost all working-men, and have no time to lounge in each other's rooms. Here is the great contrast to college life, though there is here that part of the advantage of a college life which one reaps from daily contact with minds running under varied circumstances along parallel grooves. This contact is a continual spur, a continual fine polish, and a very keen pleasure at the same time. Mr. Sanderson is at present in Switzerland, where I wrote him to stay as long as the

weather allowed him to enjoy it. He will be with me, I suppose, in the course of a week or two. So much for my surroundings, social and material, though I must add some mention of the kindness which John Munroe and his family have shown to me. For my work, I have entered one of the government schools of drawing, to begin with. I am working at present on heads, as the lines of the face are the most subtle and difficult to catch of any in existence, requiring the keenest and most delicate eye to perceive them perfectly. After having educated my eye for some time in this way, I shall go to work directly on ornament, seeking to learn, as well as may be, the general principles which underlie all pleasing effects of form. To get some true knowledge of color and its combinations, I am going to enter the studio of some painter of reputation who has paid attention to color as used in decoration, and in connection with such instruction as he may give me, I intend to read some of the standard works on this subject.

Apropos to this, father, there is a plan which I have thought of as being likely to very greatly increase the resources of our designers, and as this department of the manufacture under our present laws is growing in importance, I should like to lay my plan before you, and if you approve I shall be very glad to execute it as I think I shall be well able to do. It is to make up a small library of the very best works of design, especially in its application to carpets and tapestries, and have it for the use of our designers. There are works magnificently published, with fine plates and lithographs, giving examples of the very best specimens of the different periods and schools. The study of these would be, I am convinced, for our designers, and so for our

business, a greater advantage than we could give them by the same amount of money spent in any other way. I could, by conference with the numerous artists and designers about here, and by a little study in the various libraries having reference to the subject, easily find out what works were the best, and buy them if they were to be had. I think that from two to five hundred dollars might be very profitably spent in this way. I shall await your answer in regard to this.

I have left but little room to tell of what else I am doing,— of my French lessons, my riding, my fencing, and my piano. I am very busy, but it is all congenial work, and so I am none the less truly resting.

Your loving son

HARRY.

P. S. I write so much about myself that I never leave room to ask the questions about home and express the love which I feel for its dear inmates. Don't set this down, I beg, as any lack of affection or thought on the part of the wanderer.

PARIS, October 21, 1871.

DEAR MRS. WATERSTON,— I fear that you've given me up as a careless vagrant whose remembrance of kindness and whose friendship were too weak to struggle even into words, and my long silence would seem to justify so severe a judgment; but if my pen has been tardy, my mind has often gone back to America, and in recalling the favorite scenes of a pleasant past, it has lingered often in an imaginary Monday matinée, or in a long dimly lighted room from whose unsubstantial walls innumerable phantom books shed their silent influence of culture and education, and in both these scenes it has often met her who has shown so much kindness

to one who certainly did nothing to deserve it. But as performance in the present is better than apology for the past, I will tell you, as I promised, a little of my journeyings.

I started on the 1st of August, as you know, sped by good wishes from all my friends, among which your parting note came like a benediction. When I think of what love and interest my friends take in my welfare and success, it seems to me sometimes as if I had a fearful responsibility resting on me, and I am oppressed by the fear that my future may disappoint their wishes. But we are not travelling fast enough. I went immediately to Switzerland, and climbed and gazed, drinking in health and delight through every sense with every breath. I was very fortunate, and was able to see some of the grandest scenes very seldom visited among the crevasses of the great glaciers and the high peaks. Never have I enjoyed, never have I been more drawn to worship by the influence of nature. From Switzerland I went to the Ober-Ammergau play, with which I was also profoundly impressed. My feelings there were those which the finest devotional pictures of the sixteenth century awaken, but in a more vivid though less exalted degree.

A rapid run through Western Germany and the Rhineland brought me to Paris, where I have settled down, studying drawing, design, art, and music. Such is my work, and it is a labor of love which is the best of acts. You can well appreciate how congenial a companion in such pursuits I have in Mr. Sanderson. We are both of us writing this evening at my table, in a cosey little parlor over in the Quartier Latin of Paris. A confusion of books, papers, and drawing materials (I do well to say a confusion, for I have just dipped my pen in Charles's ink) covers the table. The

piano is open by my side, while opposite me the bookcase is beginning to show a modest collection, which I hope will grow with me. My two first drawings do their best to adorn the wall, and so we won't be too severe on them if their success is but mediocre. Such is the situation of two of your protégés who have been very much favored in chances for happiness. Mr. S. (who, by the way, only arrived from Switzerland yesterday morning) is going to add a line for himself. My life here is very quiet and yet very happy. I hope the three months of my stay will not belie the promise of their opening. I am doing what I have always wanted to do, and what I should like to do my life long, if I did not feel so strongly that I *must* work, — studying all that is beautiful in this lovely world.

Remember me most kindly to Mr. Waterston, and also to Mr. Perabo, and all who may take an interest in me.

Your sincere and loving boy-friend,

HARRY SIMPSON.

MRS. ROBERT C. WATERSTON.

PARIS, October 22, 1871.

DEAR MOTHER, — I am of age. Birthdays are the rage in our family at this time of the year, and as you have just sent me notice of yours, it made me blush to think that I had n't remembered it in time to send you a word of greeting; and Bessie, of her arrival at sweet sixteen (tell her, by the way, that the answer shall not be long in coming) — why need that scruple of delicacy hinder me from announcing my anniversary?

The day passed quietly enough at my usual work, the authorities making no public demonstration to celebrate so important an event. I don't know that I felt any bigger than usual, — my

clothes were none too small for me certainly, and altogether, if I'm more of a man, I certainly am no less of a boy. Friday morning, as I was shaving, my bell rang violently, — you know I have a little suite of apartments, parlor, waiting-room, bedroom, cabinet and entry, and a bell all to myself; it's quite like keeping house, — and who should walk in but Mr. Charles W. Sanderson, bag and baggage, from Geneva? Of course there was handshaking and how-d'ye-doing without end, and after finishing my toilet we sat down to coffee together, — you know I have coffee and bread-and-butter served in my room at half past seven, while my other meals I take at Foyot's restaurant. We then spent the whole day together, lessons going to grass for the day. We went to the Louvre and revelled in the pictures, then took a lunch in the Palais Royal, and then a long walk up to our banker's, and then home. I expect to enjoy a great deal from his company. Excuse the looks of this sheet. I found, after writing these three pages, that I had dropped some crayon-dust on my blotter, and you have the result before you. It may console you to know that the obnoxious blotting-sheet is in the fire.

My birthday and Mr. Sanderson's arrival have been the only events during the week. To-day, after church, we took a carriage and drove out to St. Cloud. It was a lovely day, soft, warm, and clear. Before starting we had enjoyed the bird's-eye view of Paris from the Arc de l'Étoile. There were very few domes or spires that were not in sight, and very few that I did not recognize. The Arc, though struck forty or fifty times by shells, is yet so magnificently massive that its general effect was almost uninjured. These most terrible agents of modern war could only scratch the surface of so grand a monument, and make it perhaps the more

impressive for its scars and its superiority to them. The French, too, with their remarkable energy of recovery which they have shown everywhere in repairing the devastations of the war, are rapidly effacing even these marks of foreign invasion and civil feuds, and the Arc will soon be in its old condition. Not so St. Cloud. The whole town is a mournful collection of charred and ruined walls. Nowhere have I seen the desolation and misery which follows the track of war so terribly stamped into a scene. The town was fired by the Prussians after the last sortie of the French, to prevent their effecting a lodgment there, and, as everywhere else, so here they did their work thoroughly. The ruined town makes a fit approach to the palace, whose bare walls, with headless, armless statues in their crumbling niches, the rich bas-reliefs blistered and ruined by the flames, the cornices and mouldings gone, and the empty window-spaces disclosing shapeless heaps of rubbish within, all speak of the barbarism of war; while from the inner walls of what were once stately and gorgeous halls, patches of blackened frescos and broken bits of exquisite carving add their mute protest against the ruthless devastation of so much patient artistic work, which found its beauty no excuse for being amid the fierce rude passions of a bitter fight. It was the French who burned the palace as an act of bravado on the approach of the Prussians, and the wanton silliness of the deed increases your indignation at the sight of so much art destroyed. . . .

HARRY.

PARIS, November 6, 1871.

MY DEAR FATHER,—On Friday came my whole batch of birthday letters, and your generous gift, coming upon all the kind

remembrances expressed in those letters, really almost overpowered me. It did n't need this last occasion to call forth my thanks; for the noble generosity and confidence that you have always shown to me have constantly received what poor return I could make by the warmest gratitude and love of which I am capable. With such a father and such a home I surely had no occasion to congratulate myself on becoming free. Indeed, my only bonds have been those of love, and they are stronger than ever. May they never be broken! Thank mother and Grace for their kind letters. I had quite a feast of them. . . .

My week has been quite a varied one. On Monday I had the interview with Professor Ville. Tuesday passed as most of my days, divided between my various branches of work. Wednesday was All-Saints' Day, and there was a vacation everywhere. I thought I would take it, like a good little boy, to write up various letters which I have been owing for a long time. But I had hardly got started at my work before John Munroe came over with Frank Amory, another of my classmates, and Mr. Turnbull, partner of Mr. Andrews. My friends had come to take me for a day's excursion into the country. We went out to Fort Issy, a fort which suffered during the Prussian siege, and, being occupied by the Communists, was bombarded and finally taken by the Versailles troops during the second siege. It was terribly battered, and though much of the rubbish had been cleared up, still the ruined barracks and crumbled walls told a tale of war and devastation. I was strongly reminded of the looks of Fort Sumter.

What rendered our visit to the fort all the more interesting was that there are three or four hundred Communist prisoners there, whom we saw through the barred windows of the casemates.

Rough, uncouth-looking, stupid wretches they seemed to be, though we could not go near enough to get a good sight at them. We had a curious instance of the insubordination which prevails at present throughout the French army, reflecting pretty faithfully the utter lack of all habits of obedience which the whole people show in their silly passion for revolution. The commandant of the fort had issued an order that no one should be allowed to mount the ramparts, and yet two of the soldiers offered, while we were there, to take us for a small fee upon the rampart, because they said the commandant was away. Such a breach of discipline would have been impossible in Prussia. The village of Issy, which was the scene of a furious conflict, bears more marks of fighting than any other place that I have seen, though throughout Paris grape-shot and musket-balls have left their mark on the houses. But here not a square foot was left without its six or eight bullet-holes, while the trees that lined the streets were absolutely riddled. That evening Frank Amory invited me to dine with him in honor of old times. . . .

On Thursday we went out to Père la Chaise to see the decoration of the graves. Almost every tomb had its garland. The number of distinguished men whose bones rest in this cemetery is very remarkable. It gives another illustration of the power of a great city. Friday was a humdrum day as to incident, though the arrival of your letters made it a day to be remembered by me. Saturday brought me the news that Ned Whitney (Captain Israel Whitney's son) was in town. I went over to see him in the evening, and yesterday he breakfasted with me, while I dined with him. You have no idea of the feeling with which two classmates who have been good friends at college meet afterwards. We talked

and laughed like mad, and decidedly misbehaved ourselves in every way, for we felt like a parcel of boys let out of school. Give my love to every one.

Harry had now marked out, for his three months' stay in Paris, work and study sufficient for as many years. Undaunted by the hurry and distractions surrounding him, he actually piled Pelion on Ossa, and labored away as conscientiously and as determinedly as though his holiday was not awaiting him, and the temptations of a glittering city were not lying at his very door. His genuine enthusiasm and power of application served him in good earnest, and though the days overflowed with employment and improvement, he found time for many amusements; but they were often of the kind that bore upon the labor he had taken so boldly in hand. Accounts of his art studies, visiting, politics, and the collecting of books and pictures are so mingled in his home letters, that to have accomplished all that he had undertaken to do, his days must have been forty-eight hours long. But he had the rare faculty of making time, as we know, and at length, on the 24th of December, he writes the following to his sister:—

“And so on Thursday, after packing my pictures and books,— for I've collected a handsome French library of some two hundred and fifty volumes,— we are off for Berlin, from which place I suppose my next letter will be dated. A few days of music there and at Leipsic, and then to Rome as fast as the locomotive can carry me. Give my best love to Aunt L. and everybody. Tell Nelly

she shall have a letter in a week or so, for now I am leaving Paris I hope for time to breathe. Ho for Berlin! and Good-bye, — says your loving brother.”

DRESDEN, December 30, 1871.

MY DEAR, GOOD, LONG-SUFFERING AUNT, — What a plague these same graceless nephews are, to be sure! They can't even do you a pleasure without spoiling it by some atrocious lack of respect or some unpardonable neglect, and then they think, if they merely ask for pardon, pardon full and free is only their right. But somehow the aunts are never very hard on the young scapegraces, and their sins weigh but little more heavily on their aunts' souls than their own; the upshot of which is, that I have been a very naughty boy in not answering the kind, long letter which gave me so much pleasure at Lucerne months ago; but it is so hard to get time for any but the regular letters that it is only here, this freezing Saturday, with a few idle hours before me, that I have commenced my reply. Paris and my pleasant life in the Quartier Latin is a thing of the past. That is the principal fact just at present. The little fragment of a home which I had established in my little quarters in the Rue de Tournon is broken up, and I am a little more of a waif than usual.

Sunday, December 31.

So much of a waif, you see, that I can't “stay put” long enough even to finish this letter at a sitting. Yes, I am out of Paris and out of France, and a little discouraged, after devoting three months to one language, to find myself, after a twelve hours' ride, floundering in the depths of my ignorance of another. Here I am in Germany, sure enough, and this bleak winter night,

as I came through the dark streets in a hard snow-storm, the white covering bringing into sharp relief against the blackness of the sky the upright walls and all the anomalous roofs, the queer gables, the irregular lines, and the numberless little expressions of picturesque individuality in the shape of turrets, weather-cocks, oriels, cornices, and all the heterogeneous ornaments and whim-whams of German architecture, I realized what a different world my few hours in the cars had brought me into.

You may wonder what brought me into Germany at this curiously inappropriate time. What could it be, my dear auntie, but the German music? Classical music is a treat reserved for winter here, and as a trip in Europe would have been incomplete without hearing Beethoven and Schubert discourse in their own country and their own home, here we are, bundled up in overcoat and shawl, to listen to the divine strains, if they don't get frozen up in the horns and flutes, like the notes in Baron Munchausen's key-bugle.

As there was to be one of the Gewandhaus concerts at Leipsic on New Year's Day, we directed our steps there, on leaving Paris last Thursday, and, finding there was little to be seen there, and that Dresden was near by, we came down here for a couple of days to admire and enjoy the Madonna di San Sisto. We go back to Leipsic to-morrow to the concert, and I shall keep this letter open long enough to give you a little account of our impressions. I have already had a preparation for the best in the music which I have heard in Paris. Almost every Sunday afternoon (for the classical music is only played there on Sunday) we formed a part of the grand audience of six thousand people who heard Padeloup's orchestra interpret the great works of

the German masters in the Cirque d'Hiver. This Padeloup, by the way, is a German, whose name, Wolfgang (wolf's step), he himself has translated into French, to avoid national antipathies. This was a remarkably fine orchestra of a hundred musicians. In the strings Thomas is nearly equal to them, though they have a delicacy in shading and a variety and truth of expression which he has not attained; but the loud instruments are beyond comparison better. The brass, for a wonder, never seems to share the boyish desire to make a lot of noise, and the reed instruments and flutes are marvellously delicate.

At our first concert we heard the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, by Mendelssohn, and in the *Nocturne*, which depends chiefly on the wind instruments, and the rendering of which was a revelation to me, often as I have heard it before, there was in particular one exquisite cadence for the flute solo at the ending of a phrase, that was delicate enough to express the gossamer robe of Titania or Oberon's faintest whisper of fairy love. It seemed no instrument of wood and metal, but some ethereal flute filled with the light breath of an elfin player. It was perfect.

This orchestra we came to know very well; but once we had the greater pleasure of one of the *Conservatoire* concerts, of which we had always heard so much. It is enough to say we were not disappointed. We had thought Padeloup perfect till we went to the *Conservatoire*, but it was like reaching the top of a glacier to see the mountain-top still towering above you. Perfection is the only word to apply to the *Conservatoire*. In precision, in perfect accord, in delicacy, in balancing of parts, they are so nearly faultless that he who would pick a flaw must look and listen with care to find it. Any one part is as good as all

the rest. The double basses turn a phrase with the same delicacy and sentiment as the first violin.

In their strongest passages there is always a reserve of force, and you are never deafened with their fortissimos, though the softest note is clear and distinct. The violas, 'cellos, and basses are more numerous in proportion to the higher strings than in Padeloup's or in our American orchestras, and there results from this a deeper tone, which gives a certain dignity and richness of harmony to the grand works which they interpret, while their delicacy prevents any heaviness in lighter passages. They had a chorus, too, which was equal to the orchestra. Of course it is unfair to compare a small chorus to a large one, and so I remain serene in my unchanged Bostonian belief in the Handel and Haydn Society; but at the same time I must confess to never before having known what an unparalleled instrument in concerted music is the human voice. The same delicacy of expression as of execution, which so charmed me in Nilsson, was here shown by a chorus of fifty or more, whose clearness of tone, perfect precision, and perfect accord with each other and with the orchestra were nothing short of marvellous. I have used strong language in speaking of this concert, but it is the finest by far I ever heard, and a man must be enthusiastic once in his life. It remains to be seen whether Leipsic will eclipse Paris, and where Berlin will stand beside the two. You shall have a word or two about that in closing.

And now, to leave the fiddles and the bows, let us come to the belles. How is Bessie? I hope with all her young ladyship's cares she has not utterly neglected her piano. Mother tells me she is developing a fine voice. That will be delightful, and

she must spare no pains to learn to use well an instrument which is nature's masterpiece and leaves men's work far behind. I suppose she is just now rather more interested in her dancing. My congratulations to her on her opportunity, and best wishes for her success, — wishes and expectations, too, for I think she was born with the little red shoes that are always dancing. Remember me, too, to Julia, who will be another young lady, I suppose, when I come back, and to Ned, who, I dare say, would like to have joined the crowd I saw skating on the Elbe yesterday and to-day.

I can't tell you how often I think of poor Anita in suffering and sickness so far off at home, and I sometimes wish I were at home, for it seems almost heartless to roam about among pictures and concerts when one of my own kith and kin is suffering at home. God grant she may be restored to her mother, and to us all. But it is getting late, and we return to Leipsic early to-morrow, so a good-night kiss.

Your affectionate, but very negligent-nephew

HARRY.

P. S. I have heard the famous Gewandhaus orchestra, and so high were my expectations raised that I must confess to a little disappointment. In point of feeling, though this might have been because the programme included Beethoven's Seventh Symphony and the beautiful unfinished Symphonies of Schubert, they seemed a little more imbued with the spirit of the music than the Conservatoire orchestra; but their fortissimos were just a trifle harsh, their brass a shade less mellow, there was lacking a little of that perfection of delicacy and exquisite light and shade which

lent such a charm to the Paris concert, and for accessories their solo violinist and solo singer were both open to criticism, while the Conservatoire chorus seemed open only to admiration. In a word, you see, I liked the Paris concert a little the best. But I have already tired you I fear, so I hardly can do better than to wish you a good morning and a Happy New Year.

Yours,

HARRY.

LEIPSIK, January 2, 1872.

DEAR MOTHER, — Away from Paris, once more a wanderer, and a Happy New Year to you from this old German city instead of from the gay capital of the world. But the week has been so full that without further introduction I will just begin my history at once.

Tuesday I was occupied all day with the thousand last things about town, things to be bought, bills to be paid, arrangements to be made, and no end of little things to be done. In the evening we dined with a French family whose acquaintance Charlie had made. He met the young man, Maurice de la Perelle, in the Louvre, and as he had no catalogue Charlie lent him his, and the two strolled through the gallery together for a couple of hours, the young Frenchman talking a little English and Charlie having quite a talent at making himself understood by foreigners of every nation under heaven. The young fellow asked him to his mother's reception. Charlie went, found her a charming woman, very cultivated and quite a remarkable amateur painter, a favorite pupil of Cabanel. On their side they seemed quite as delighted with Charlie, who immediately won their favor by his exquisite playing and by his taste and refinement; and, as he had spoken of me to

them, an invitation for us both to a French dinner-party. Our hosts live for the main part of the year in the country, and in Paris merely rent a flat for the winter. The parlor—a room with dark paper almost covered with paintings, an original Claude and a Greuze among them—was furnished with curtains in worsted embroidery, designed and worked by Madame, matching the coverings of the furniture, which were also the work of her hands, while the woodwork was carved and turned by her husband. The coloring was very warm and rich, and the design very peculiar, giving at once a deep tone and bizarre character to the room. Madame de la Perelle was a lady of about forty, with the best face I have seen in France,—a face which showed at once unusual brightness, intelligence, and kindness of heart, with all the home virtues, which seem to us so foreign to the French character. She spoke very good English, and so was rather monopolized by Charlie, and I learned that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing, for my slight acquaintance with French was a pretext which plunged me into a rapid torrent of a genuine French conversation. Shortly after we arrived came an old lady, an aunt or grandmother, who, standing stolidly bolt upright just inside the door, received with countenance unchanged a kiss on both cheeks from each of the assembled family before budging an inch farther. Not understanding the ceremony, I could not help thinking of Mr. F's aunt, the stout old woman with the equally strong reticule, in "Little Dorrit," I believe. The stony old lady was accompanied by two other ladies and a gentleman, an uncle, and we soon went in to dinner. The conversation was like a mill-race. I had learned enough French to keep along with it pretty well, and to occasionally drop in my modest word. It was just like the conversation I have read in French novels,

bright, sparkling, almost wholly on persons, quite pictorial, and to a stranger really very interesting. "*Mais c'est une génie, un talent! Et avez-vous remarqué sa coiffure? C'était une chose ravissante,*" and so on, with superlatives and intensity enough to startle a sober, moderate Yankee. After supper I had quite a conversation with the uncle, who is connected with one of the principal railroads leading out of Paris, was seized by the Communists as a hostage, confined at the Mazur Prison, and only released through the agency of an acquaintance who held an office under the Commune a few hours before the other hostages were taken to La Roquette and shot, the Archbishop Darboy among them. One realizes what the Commune was, when he gets a little glimpse like this of some of its actual works. As the evening drew on, after coffee and cake we were treated to a little music, chiefly from a lady, a friend of the family, who had won the first prize at the Conservatoire in her day, and was a pupil of Herz. She played very finely, though a little lacking in expression. Soon after the music tea was brought in, and then we retired, gracefully, I hope. I have described one evening at length, for it was my only experience of French home-life, and I thought it would interest you. It was a bright moonlight night, and we walked home, so as to get a last impression of Paris in this effective light. The old Palais de Justice, with its gloomy mediæval tower, carried me far back from this practical nineteenth century. The bridge with its heavy monumental stone arches, and the dark silent Seine flowing without a ripple or a murmur beneath, looked in the cold, vague half-light a fit scene for tragedies like Hood's "Bridge of Sighs." Midnight struck just as we reached Nôtre Dame, whose towers loomed up into the night above, the whole façade in shadow,

so that we lost the delicacy and beauty, and got only the gloomy grandeur of an age of Crusades.

Wednesday was passed packing, and the evening at Mrs. Munroe's for dinner. She has been as kind to us as woman could be, and I shall always feel grateful to her for the kindness she showed us. . . .

Thursday morning we were off, and after a comfortable twelve hours' ride got out in the evening at Cologne. A short walk and a few glimpses by moonlight sufficed us, for it was very cold.

Friday we came to Leipsic, another all-day's ride, and, finding the Gewandhaus concert was to be on Monday, New Year's Day, and that there was but little to be seen in Leipsic, we went on Saturday morning to Dresden, reaching there at noon, hoping for some time, both on Saturday and Sunday, to see and worship with the Madonna di San Sisto. Saturday we had a couple of hours with our Lady, but on Sunday found, to our chagrin, that the Museum was closed for some reason which I did not know German enough to comprehend.

Sunday we went to hear High Mass in the Cathedral, where the music is very fine, though it seemed to me a little operatic for church music. In looking about the church, I espied, leaning against one of the pillars, a classmate, J. S. Lawrence, of Chicago. I was after him in a moment, went home with him and dined with him, and for five or six hours we talked over classmates, old times, politics, prospects, and every other topic that the run of the conversation suggested. Tell Frank that's what it means to go to college.

Monday morning we came back here and went immediately to inspect the Gallery. It has several unimportant old masters, but

its gems are four large landscapes of Calame, (O, how I wanted to buy one of his that I saw in Paris for thirteen hundred dollars!) one of which, a view of Monte Rosa, is perhaps his masterpiece, and certainly the grandest mountain-piece I ever saw. The prominent lines in it are horizontal, although it is the picture of a high mountain; but this very effect, combined with a remarkable perspective and a vast expanse of clear sky above, gives the idea of vastness which you get among the mountains as no other picture I have ever seen begins to do. There is also here a very fine painting by Paul Delaroche, Napoleon at Fontainebleau. He is sitting in a chair buried in thought, and his fine face grandly expresses the mind of a demigod dethroned but not crushed. His mind is still in equilibrium, still working regularly, and if you see the pain of past defeat and failure, you see the resolution of future success. The former obscures the latter, but the latter is still there. It is a masterly work, and none but Paul Delaroche could have painted it. We heard in the evening the concert at the Gewandhaus by an orchestra said to be the finest in the world, but we both—though of course a single hearing gives ground enough only for an impression, not for an opinion—thought the orchestra of the Conservatoire, in Paris, a trifle better. But of my musical impressions I have said more in my letter to Aunt Julia. We go to Berlin to-night, where I expect, with some anxiety, a letter from you, and from which place you will receive the next from your loving son

HARRY.

BERLIN, January 9, 1872.

DEAR MOTHER,—Three of your dear letters lie on the table, but I shall have to let a single sheet answer them all, for I am

too tired to write more to-night. You will have to count the three letters I have despatched to Paris as part answer; that to Mme. Maillou, being in French, ought to go at least for two. . . . And now for myself. We left Dresden Monday morning, returned to Leipsic, saw the gallery there, with some Calames that I wish Grace could see, and a fine Paul Delaroche; heard a concert at the Gewandhaus of which I have spoken more fully in a letter to Aunt Julia, and then the next morning to Berlin, where we studied the gallery, confounded the cooking, — you see we are just from Paris and a little dainty, — heard concerts, were dazzled and stunned by magnificence of sight and sound at the opera, and, in short, *did the city*. The German cooking, by the way, with its heterogeneous messes, whose names are unpronounceable as their substance is indigestible, gave me the luxury of a jolly indigestion. But now I'm all right, having discovered one restaurant, the best in Berlin, equal to a second-class Parisian café. The opera here is magnificent in every respect, . . . the picture-gallery extensive, though poor in masterpieces. We have studied it quite attentively, for, especially in the early schools, it is quite full, and therefore a good place to see and follow the development of art. We leave on Thursday for Munich, where I shall hope for time to write you a longer letter next Sunday. My love to father, Grace, Frank, (have I thanked him for his note?) and all, and receive, my own dear mother, to-night a little morsel of the full measures of love which are ever yours in the heart of

Your son

HARRY.

MUNICH, January 12, 1872.

MY DEAR, BUT LONG-NEGLECTED SISTER, — I have a few hours this afternoon to myself, for I did not meet Deming here as I expected, and a morning at the gallery was all I could stand. . . . But now the *table d'hôte* over, and a little leisure, — a marvel indeed, this busy year, — I have been reading over and enjoying your loving letters, of which the last, I blush to say, bears date on my birthday. You will not need to be told that it has not been forgetfulness on my part that has made the delay so long, for my letters to mother have told you what a pace Time has over here. . . . What a pity it is we have to sleep! If I could spend eight hours a day in seeing, hearing, and enjoying, eight in study, and eight in writing to the dear friends with whom I should like to keep up a constant intercourse, — well, in that case I suppose I should want twenty-four hours a day more to be devoted to the same pursuits. So there is not much use in wishing. From my home letters you have probably traced my journey from Paris. It was a pretty frigid time to take Germany, but the music has paid me for it, though quite contrary to my expectations; of the three best orchestras that we have heard, two have been in Paris, the other the famous Gewandhaus orchestra of Leipsic. You have no idea what compliments I got, Nelly, from my music-teacher in Paris, M. Lubeck, one of the professors at the Conservatoire, and one of the best teachers in Paris. — He said so much to me that I absolutely wanted to stay there another three months and devote my time to music alone, and, Nelly, if you are ever again in Paris, sell all that you possess and get a ticket to a Conservatoire concert. They are the perfection of music. However, I will not dwell

on this theme. I have written a full description of my concert experiences to Aunt Julia, and you can ask her for the letters if they would interest you. Now I am on my way to Rome. Don't you feel envious? I know you do. Rome is drawing me with such an irresistible attraction that I count every hour lost until I get there, and so I travel night and day. This evening, at eleven, I start from here (I left Berlin yesterday noon, arriving here only this morning), and to-morrow night I shall be in Milan, where I intend to spend Sunday with Will Hodges, who writes me that his music-master prophesies great things of him; Monday I shall be off again, and Tuesday morning I hope to wake up in the Eternal City. I had rather a curious ride from Berlin. As I was to be out all night, I took a first-class ticket, in order to have room to stretch and be comfortable. I was the only "first-class" on the train, and the respect which the guards showed me was perfectly overpowering. They have taken me for nothing less than a Grand Duke. I hope I did not shock their respect for nobility in the sequel, but it was a bitter cold night, and after vainly endeavoring to keep warm, I took up the hot-water foot-warmer and laid it alongside of me, and enjoyed a good snooze with my comfortable bedfellow. You know, ever since Lord Timothy Dexter, we Newburyporters have been partial to warming-pans! I believe in our former journey we discovered how completely geographers were in error in asserting that the climate grew warmer as you went South, and you may tell Wallace that he is at liberty to make use of my observations, if he chooses, for an article in the "Clinic." . . . The streets were so cold that the gallery seemed quite a paradise of warmth, but before I had been there two hours the gal-

lery was so cold I took refuge in the streets again. If this is your Southern clime, give me Spitzbergen, in the open Polar Sea, for a winter residence, instead of Capri or the Lake of Como.

Well, I have n't told you much about Europe, have I? I might retort upon you, and ask whether you were more interested in Europe than your brother; but you would be sure to have some killing repartee to return the thrust, and so I will not enter the lists. I might tell you of the opera at Berlin, where we saw Meyerbeer's "L'Africaine" and Wagner's "Rienzi," put upon the stage in such a way that it seemed as if the thrifty Germans were rapidly spending the five millions which they have squeezed out of France in riotous living. Even "The Prophet," as we saw it given in Paris, in the days of Napoleon's splendor, paled before the gorgeousness of costumes and *mise en scène* which the new Emperor, Old William, has commanded for this gala winter. Singers and orchestra, too, are as fine as the accessories, so that the operas absolutely bewildered one, such magnificence of sight and sound kept rolling in upon his dazzled eyes and half-stunned ears. They have a tenor with a voice that I could think of nothing better to compare it to, when I wrote Will Whitney, than a Doomsday trumpet; and a lovely little soprano, whose acting was so passionate and yet so free from all touch of coarseness that I declare I almost lost my heart for her. The orchestra is also marvellously good, picked from all Germany, and making the accompaniment a symphony in itself. To hear "Rienzi" thus given was to be converted to Wagner. I never heard an opera that approached it in grandeur. I went home feeling tired out

and half stunned, as if my head had been pounded, but I felt also as if I had seen Macbeth or Richard III. well acted. It may be strained and forced, and so inartistic, to keep one up to such a pitch throughout, and it is a terrible strain on the performers (it will be long before we hear Wagner well given in America), but of the power there is no more doubt than of Gustave Doré's. In this opera the scenery was a perfect and artistic picture of Rome, and in one act *Rienzi* the tenor came upon the scene at the head of his troops—over a hundred in number, while another hundred of peasants and citizens crowded the stage—on a real horse, accompanied by his aids, similarly mounted, and sung his part during the whole act on horseback, prancing up and down, and reviewing his little army in the proudest manner during the choruses. The horse was shod with felt, so as not to make any noise, and appeared quite at home before an audience. So much for music. . . . I am now thinking of taking two months, after I come from Italy, to settle down in some little German village and to devote myself exclusively to the language. Whether my strength of mind will be sufficient for the sacrifice I don't know, but I think it would be the best thing that I could do. I can speak French pretty well now, and if I could advance German into something like the same state it would be of great use to me hereafter. But my letter is growing prosy and I will say good bye. You need not fear that my stay in Europe, much as I see and hear that is beautiful, is weaning my heart from home. On the contrary, my letters from America are my greatest pleasure, a pleasure that would be unalloyed could I hear better news of Anita. I hope, however, that the favorable tone of my last

letters from home may continue, and grow more and more decided. Give my love to Wallace, and believe me

Ever your loving brother

HARRY.

MILAN, January 14, 1872.

DEAR MOTHER, — Now that I have begun to travel, you see, I am a regular will-o'-the-wisp, emulating, so far as my rather heavy corporal nature will allow of it, Puck's boast to Oberon. But whether at Paris or Leipsic or Dresden or Berlin or Munich or Timbuctoo, for that matter, I assure you that my heart is untravelled, and I enjoy these chats, however unsatisfactory, which every week brings, though it is often a struggle to get the time for them. At last, I am happy to say, I am in Italy. I left the region of snow as I came down from the Alps, and now, though it is raw and chilly here, I am not absolutely frozen, as I very nearly was in Germany. . . . But I suppose you would like my week's chronicle. On Monday then, not being very well, I kept my room and wrote off six or seven notes about business matters, and, like a good little boy, went early to bed. A night's rest brought me on my feet again, and my feet took me naturally to the picture-gallery once more, where I looked over a full collection of Albert Dürer's engravings and woodcuts. It was very interesting, for I had my "Kügler," my now unfailing companion in the picture-galleries, and I was able to compare his criticisms with my own impressions, as well as learn the circumstances attending the different plates. I was an utter sceptic as regards Albert Dürer and his artistic powers till I came abroad this time, and even now I think there is a great deal of humbug in the talk made over him,

but some of his works I admire very much indeed. While it is very seldom that they attract one from any beauty in them, yet there is often an earnestness, an intensity, a depth of feeling and of meaning, which reconciles me quite to his homely faces, his stiff angular drapery, his crowded and confused composition, and his fantastic accessories. After looking over the collection of Dürer engravings and Rembrandt etchings, we went down to the picture-gallery with the E——s to take a last look at our favorite pictures there. I won't trouble you with a description of them, for it is rather stupid to read about pictures that you have not seen, and I believe the gallery was closed during our visit to Berlin four years ago. The afternoon we spent in getting photographs of the best pictures, and I have also indulged myself by purchasing a couple of Dürer's original woodcuts of the larger series representing the Passion. They are celebrated, and, rough as is their execution, I admire them very much. . . . The evening gave me a delightful vocal concert, one soprano in particular having a voice so soft and delicate and lovely that while I maintained that it resembled Correggio's picture of Jupiter and Io, Charley declared that it was more like a glass of delicious to-kay which we were drinking, a dispute not yet settled between us. . . .

At eleven o'clock my train started for Italy over the Brenner Pass. It was the coldest, most uncomfortable ride that I ever took. The seats of the car were so divided that I could not lie out, but had to sit bolt upright. I put two coats on under my overcoat, wrapped my rug about my legs, put one of the hot water concerns behind me on the seat, had the other one under my feet, and even then was so cold I could not sleep. But as the morning

dawned we got down from the Alps, and it began to grow a little more tolerable, and by the time we reached Verona I was out of danger of being frozen. Italy seemed so natural that I felt delighted all through yesterday's ride at the sight of the vines and the beggars and the tumble-down houses, for they all recalled our visit there five years ago. In the afternoon, at a little before six, I reached Milan, and after dinner I went to the famous Teatro della Scala to hear Verdi's "Forza del Destino." But neither singing nor music was as fine as I had heard in Berlin, and after standing up through three acts I came home to the hotel. I went to bed at eleven, and I woke up definitely (I had had before several little wakings of five minutes or so in length, which I don't count) at one o'clock to-day, having had a cat-nap of fourteen good hours. Consequently I no longer feel the effects of my long ride. . . . And so, my dear mother, for the last two hours I have been having a real good talk with you, and telling you all about my doings, as a good child should. To-morrow I shall try to catch a glimpse of Will Hodges. Tuesday I shall start for Rome, and Wednesday morning no doubt will see me in the Eternal City.

ROME, January 28, 1872.

DEAR MOTHER,—A week more in Rome has sufficed to see a great deal, and to convince me how much more there is to be seen than I shall be able to accomplish.

Rome is changing very much. In the first place the removal of the Italian capital here has brought a great deal of gayety and life into the city by bringing the Court, and with it many wealthy people and the best society of Italy. The Roman nobles have been rather sulky about the change of government, but are now

beginning to come round. So as to do the thing decently and in order, many of the ladies who put on black to commiserate with the Pope in his captivity now appear in purple or half-mourning. Then, to take quite another part of the city, among the old ruins excavations are going on with great energy. The Forum has now been excavated almost entirely from the Capitol to the three columns of the Minerva Chalcidica, and the excavations are still being vigorously pursued.

Almost all the principal sites are pretty well fixed. In the Palace of the Cæsars, too, and the Baths of Caracalla, they have excavated very thoroughly. The energy of the new government is seen in almost every street, for they are laying an entire new series of gas-pipes to replace the old ones, which were too small for their requirements. The people seem astonishingly contented with the Italian government when one considers that they are now for the first time heavily taxed, as during the Papal rule the expenses of government were paid by the contributions of the faithful throughout the world.

The Italians, however, seem to have inherited something of the political good sense which was so strong in Rome during her prime, and at present they appear to have less trouble in store for them from the people than any other nation in Europe.

To come back to myself and my week, January 30. Absolutely my first moment, and now to get this off to-morrow I must make it shorter than I should like to. You see, in addition to reading Murray attentively, I am now dashing through Kügler, Story, Taine, Mrs. Jameson, and Ruskin, with occasional snatches of Ferguson, and am reading with Cabot Lodge, Suetonius in the original, which completely takes up my evenings. I forgot to say

I am also studying Italian. My days of course are spent from morn till dewy eve in seeing, though I am trying to see intelligently, so as not to merit that definition of a traveller as a pair of opera-glasses on stilts, i. e. eyes and legs by the natural working of the law of development.

Monday we three — Cabot Lodge, Frank Amory, and your son — took a delightful walk in the Campagna out on the old Via Latina, to some Roman tombs which contain certain beautiful stucco-work, marvellously preserved. After basking in the sun all the morning we returned, and I devoted my afternoon to letters.

Tuesday I went with Mr. Sanderson to inspect galleries. We went through two, the Doria and the Colonna, very thoroughly; but I will not stop to chronicle results, beyond that I am getting delightfully familiar with the old masters (tell Ralph when I return I shall expect him to enlighten me as to their inferiority to our present schools), and am getting, I think, to appreciate criticisms upon them, and to form at least rational opinions of my own. Our afternoon was begun in admiration of the beautiful dome of the Pantheon, and continued in a ramble through the Ghetto. Wednesday, with Cabot Lodge and his ladies, I went round visiting churches, taking San Luis, Sant' Agostino, Santa Maria della Pace, where are Raphael's lovely Sibyls, and Santa Maria sopra Minerva. In the afternoon Cabot and I walked out to the Cælian Hill, and visited a couple of churches there, in one of which are beautiful frescos of Guido and Domenichino.

Thursday, with Charley, I took to the palaces again, visiting and studying the Scialla and the Barberini. The Vanity and Modesty of Leonardo in the Scialla (do you remember it?) is, I think, one of the most fascinating pictures I ever saw, and Raph-

ael's Violin-player, in the same gallery, is another bit that absorbed half an hour. In the Barberini the two great pictures are puzzles to me, Guido's Beatrice di Cenci and Raphael's Fornarina. What is exactly meant by those wonderful eyes and that quivering mouth of Beatrice, whether remorse or fear or simple wonder and stupefaction, I cannot tell; and why Raphael ever painted the Fornarina, much less loved her, is to me a matter of utter bewilderment. Friday was spent again with Cabot and his ladies, still among the churches.

The Santa Trinita, with Daniele da Volterra's wonderful frescos, — of which, by the way, I have a proof of Toschi's, — began this morning. Then came San Pietro in Montorio, and Michael Angelo's Moses, the most marvellous expression of power that I ever saw in marble, as his ceiling of the Sistine Chapel is by all odds the greatest and most impressive of paintings. Then to another church, and in the afternoon out on several errands.

Saturday we went to the Capitol again, to get better acquainted with that respectable and gentlemanly company of liberal rulers, the Roman Emperors, and also to enjoy once more the beauties of the Venus and the Gladiator, with the lesser works which surround them. The afternoon was spent in the Villa Borghese and grounds, where I regret to say I was much disappointed in the face of Canova's statue of Pauline Bonaparte. It is simply one of Canova's pretty empty faces. The figure and pose are beautiful, but to call it a Venus Victrix is absurd. If Venus had no more character than is expressed in this face, she would never have been Venus Victrix. The week wound up with a grand sunset from the Pincian, in which St. Peter's, backed by a dark gray cloud from behind which the sun sent a flood of light over hill and dale,

spire and dome, to the right, leaving the great cupola cold and untinged by the glory, made a striking feature.

Of my doings from Sunday on, more in my next. I have no room for messages to-day, but love to all from

Your boy .

HARRY.

ROME, February 28, 1872.

DEAR MOTHER, — I suppose you would like to know of my doings the last week, and more, since my last letter. On Monday we went to the Museo Borbonico to study the bronzes and some of the antiques more thoroughly, and to glean, if we could, whatever there was that was fine in the dreary gallery. On my return I received Will's letter, telling me how alarmingly ill Vicco was. It was a great shock to me, though I had been in some measure prepared for it by previous letters. Little as I have known him, Vicco's influence has penetrated deeper into my mind, and I have learned to love and admire him more than any other man whom I have ever met, and the thought that I may never see him again made me feel very, very sad. I did n't know what to do, and the next day, which we spent at Pompeii, I was thinking about him, and what I could do to help or comfort him, or at all events to let him know how deeply my thoughts were with him. I made up my mind on Wednesday morning to send the telegram which you have received and sent to Margaret. Since then it has kept coming over me whenever I have been alone, that little home down South which he wanted to make so bright and did make so happy for Margaret, and all the trouble and sorrow which his terrible disease has brought into it. . . .

It is not my nature to brood over sorrow, and I have n't seemed to feel half what I have really felt. I have gone on with the ordinary tourist's life just as before, and, strange to say, enjoyed what I have seen. It is only at these times when I am alone that I realize the probable loss of one of my very dearest friends.

But I will not make my letter too dark by dwelling on this subject, though of course it is first in my thoughts.

Tuesday, as I said, we spent at Pompeii, and it was very interesting, of course. The paintings on the walls, to be sure, are rough and sketchy, often inaccurate in parts, but as successful pieces of wall decoration I hardly know of anything better. We saw them excavating in one part of the city, and the thorough way in which every particle of earth was turned over before being taken away was very interesting.

Wednesday we went up to San Martino, and enjoyed the superb view it commands still more than the many paintings which the church contains. It made me ache in the church to see such gorgeous marbles so tastelessly employed as they are in this overloaded interior.

Thursday we went by rail to Vietri on that wonderful Amalfi road, and took that glorious ride, the finest in Italy, spending the night at Salerno. I was with the Lodges, the Amorys, Mr. Sanderson, Mrs. Charles Sumner, and an English gentleman, Captain Bourville, with a party of three ladies, and the next day we all went to Pæstum. We had one of those lovely, bright Neapolitan days which are so charming, though so enervating, and I would n't have missed the excursion for the world. I never before had an idea of what the perfection of the Greeks in architecture was, and never in my life have I been more deeply impressed by any build-

ing. It is perfectly simple (the main temple I mean, that of Neptune), merely a rectangle of great columns supporting a plain entablature, with a heavy cornice; but the proportions are so perfect, the competency of support of these sturdy columns give such a perfect repose and majesty to the building, and its severe simplicity is so free from any of the falseness and straining after effect which spoils so many later buildings, that one is moved to silent admiration involuntarily. Then the contrast of these great exertions of the human intellect in its highest development with the desolation around them; the thought of the centuries which hung heavily about them, of the centuries even during which they had stood deserted and alone in this great plain, unchanging amid all the fluctuations of men and states about them; and lastly the beautiful contrast of color which the warm brown hue of the travertine produced, as it stood out boldly against the bright blue southern sky, all combined to heighten the charm of these ruins, so that I know of no sight in Europe, unless perhaps the Acropolis of Athens, which can compare with these old temples.

We returned that night to Naples, and I received your despatch. Saturday was spent in doing nothing, and on Sunday, after church, I had a bad headache, which prevented my writing, except a letter to Will already too long delayed.

Monday we came back to Rome, and Tuesday I spent with Cabot in wandering about here for the last time together. We went in the morning to the Capitol, where we studied again the faces of the Cæsars, whose lives we had just been reading (for we have finished Suetonius,—not a bad bit of work to do during a year's vacation; you see I am proud enough of it), and it is as-

tonishing to see how well their characters are written in their faces.

In the afternoon we sauntered out through the Forum, (O, how many pleasant strolls of the kind I've had with Cabot since I came to Rome!) and, stretching out on the walls of Rome near St. John Lateran, we lay there for an hour or more looking out over the Campagna to the lovely Alban Hills and talking over all sorts of things. At last we came back, and this morning they left for Florence. I am not quite alone, however, for Frank Amory is here at the same hotel. . . . Good by! I will write as soon as my plans are decided. Give my love to all, and tell Frank that I have already picked up a piece of porphyry for him. A good-by kiss from your loving son

HARRY.

Harry was thoroughly in his element in Rome. We see that his letters are filled with one prolonged record of the crowded hours there,—art criticisms redolent of the brightness of the boy of one-and-twenty, the thoughtfulness of the man of thirty; trenchant observations of men and things, that were all jotted down with that frank unreserve and sturdy honesty of opinion which sprang from the generosity of his nature quite as much as from his independent, unaffected judgment, and which contact with the world was mellowing every day. Naples was a delightful *détour*, but Harry returned to Rome with the fixed purpose of hastening to America to join the dear friend, Baron Von Stralendorf, whose severe illness seemed to warrant any sacrifice he could

make, even to curtailing his year of travel. On the 3d of March, 1872, he writes his mother:—

. . . . The past week has been very busily spent, though my thoughts have been mostly across the water with Vicco and Margaret. I have been finishing up the sights of Rome, and now very little remains that I have not seen. This coming week I shall spend mostly in revisiting the places and pictures which have interested me most, and I hope for much pleasure from it.

Among the churches I have visited this last week you will no doubt remember the Capuccini, with Guido's beautiful picture of St. Michael, (I ought to get a copy of my patron saint, ought I not?) and down stairs the grim humor and ghastly fancy of the bone arabesques and ornaments. I never quite realized before how a skull could grin; but those old worm-eaten monks seem to laugh with such terrible and bitter satire in their dusty, decaying cowls that the Dance of Death seems to have found its counterpart in reality. The mad goblin life that Holbein has put into his skeletons seems to sleep in these grisly shapes beneath the church, and it needs only a little imagination to set it again into action before one's eyes. Another church, which no doubt you recollect, is San Clemente. Here, too, much of the interest is under ground, but not of so gloomy a kind. It is a curious commentary on the age of Rome,—these three temples, one upon the other, and the latest of them flourishing in a green old age of six or seven hundred years. I blush at my lack of reverence, but I cannot help laughing at the ridiculous things which the critics dignify with the high-sounding title of Early Christian Art. It seems to be always about on a level with the tattooing of some tribes of sav-

ages, and only proves the more conclusively into what barbarism the world had sunk after the fall of the pagan civilization. In those days I think I would rather have been an Arab, for they had all there was in art or science in that dark time. The people who were building the Alhambra and cultivating astronomy and mathematics, who were starting out timidly and blindly, it is true, but still starting out in the various natural sciences, have more interest for me than this parcel of quarrelsome, treacherous, and licentious barbarians, who, with one or two bright exceptions, seem to have no thought beyond fighting and cheating one another.

To be sure, they were laying the foundations for our time, but in the tenth or eleventh century one could n't have known this, and he would have found little else to console him for the ignorance, rudeness, and violence about him.

The other day I passed several hours in St. Peter's, a worthy temple for the new paganism. I can see very little Christianity in it. It is vast, gorgeous, almost oppressive in its magnificence, a place for pomp and show, the ceremonial of an impressive ritual, great processions with splendid robes, ensigns, and resounding music. These are the tricks by which the priests of a pagan religion enhance the false glory of their God.

The Gothic cathedrals are the only buildings I have seen in which Christianity has found expression. The spirit of prayer is breathed from their lofty vaults and dark stones, while the bright glory of their windows shining in on the deep shadows seems like a smile from heaven amid the trials and troubles of earth.

To me a prayer in St. Peter's would be like a petition to one of the Cæsars in the days when the Empire was the world. I should want to give it to a priest, that he might pass it through a

saint to the Virgin, and then I should feel as to its acceptance like the poor fellow who had intrusted his request to the courtier of a courtier. The church is very impressive, but it is a very worldly impressiveness.

In Santa Maria della Pace there is a fresco which pleases me very much,—Raphael's four Sibyls. In nothing is the contrast between Raphael and Michael Angelo better seen than in the difference between these Sibyls and those of the Sistine Chapel. It is such folly to compare them, instead of giving both full admiration. Raphael's are happy and beautiful, like all that came from his pencil; they are the embodiment of cheerful, happy life, and even the old woman wears her old age lightly and contentedly. Taine constantly compares Raphael with Mozart, and indeed they have much in common. Michael Angelo's women seem of a different race from ours. Even the beautiful Delphine Sibyl is happy on a greater scale than we can be, and the intensity of action, the sense of supernatural power, the tragic grandeur of the rest make of them a race by themselves. I have seen no representative of the human form that has impressed me so deeply as this population of the Sistine Chapel. I am inconsistent, you see. I am doing what I declared myself against, but it is merely because grandeur appeals to me more strongly than beauty. I cannot say whether it should do so or not, and there lies the heart of the question. . . .

ROME, March 16, 1872.

DEAR WILL, — I have n't written to you for an age, to be sure, but then, as you've paid me the same compliment, there is no need for either to apologize or quarrel about it.

My last, if I remember rightly, was from Paris, and gave you what I had been able to pick up as to matters and things there. It is curious to see how rapidly Time turns his whirligig about. Ten years ago or a little more how people would have laughed to hear the condition of Italy compared with that of France.

The comparison is considerably nearer even now, and I doubt whether the outlook ahead is not better for Italy. She at least has very little of the revolutionary Red Republican element in her, and her main problem seems to be the deficit. But the Mont Cenis Tunnel and the Suez Canal, by making Brindisi the best port of shipment, will undoubtedly bring an immense traffic through Italy, and commerce under a liberal government—and the Italian is a very liberal government—will bring industry and enterprise, which means wealth. Then the government, in taking the lands of the little kings, princes, and grand dukes who formerly misruled the peninsula, had to take of course also the burdens and servitudes upon it in the shape of a vast number of pensions, sinecures, etc., which make quite a good bit of the deficit, and which, as people must die some time, it may be hoped will grow lighter every year. It is the fashion, I believe, at home, to lay down as a *datum* that the Latin races are played out, and hence to ridicule the idea of Spain or Italy doing anything more in the world. I believe as strongly as any one that the day of the Teutonic races has come, but I very strongly believe that the Latins are going to live and thrive alongside. The kingdom of Italy has been doing a good work here, founding schools, setting the beggars to work, killing the brigands, or, better still, making honest peasants of them,—in a word, spreading education and encouraging industry.

Brigandage, which, after the war of 1860, when Garibaldi

brought Victor Emanuel the two Sicilies, had assumed a half-political character, as a Bourbon guerilla warfare has been thoroughly extirpated, at least for the time, except in the remote mountainous districts of Southern Italy and in Sicily, and the number of lazzaroni in Naples has been reduced from almost one third to one tenth of the population. These are very good things to have done in ten years immediately following centuries of a tyranny driven out, too, not so much by a popular uprising as by foreign aid. In Rome the government has a more difficult task before it apparently. The paternal autocracy of the Holy Father was much more tolerable than the bare-faced and cruel oppression of Bourbon, particularly as the faithful throughout the world helped pay the taxes, and the Papal government gave large sums in charity. A man who has had a decently comfortable life as a beggar hardly likes to go to work, and so, as the gain of freedom means the necessity of work, many of the Romans are doubtless feeling like a man who has just jumped into a cold bath for the first time; it may be good for him, but he can't help shivering. Then, as the taxes are now paid by Romans, instead of Irish servant-girls in our own free land, they are much heavier, and are naturally grumbled at. Add that the price of land has risen enormously, and the price of living also; that the reign of law, succeeding the reign of favor, has naturally incensed all the favorites; that the clergy, whose power is of course immense in Rome with a people whom they have brought up by their own recipes for insuring submission and docility, are irreconcilable enemies to the new régime, and you have of course the materials of a very wide-spread discontent. And yet the government is doing an immense deal for Rome. It has opened schools, it is lighting the

streets better than ever before, it is prosecuting the excavations with unexampled vigor, it is laying out new avenues and listening to all feasible plans for improving the city. That is good work, and will have its effect in time; but meanwhile I fear the discontent remains. Three occasions seem to me to give some indications of the state of feeling in Rome: 1. The Jesuits having been entangled in a discussion with some Protestants about the evidence of St. Peter having been Bishop of Rome, and with a result rather discouraging, I am told, to the believer, the Pope called a solemn *triduo*, or prayer for three days, at St. Peter's, which came off last week. It was undoubtedly a success as a manifestation, for St. Peter's was crowded, and that means a great deal. I have heard the number present on Sunday estimated at twenty-five thousand, which is, I dare say, exaggerated. At all events, it showed that the Pope's influence was still strong.

2. Thursday was the King's birthday. Flags were flying from almost every house, and it seemed as if the symbol of united Italy was the one object of the people's devotion. But in the afternoon Prince Humbert reviewed a large body of troops, which lined one side of several streets, making a line of a couple of miles. The streets were crowded with people, but although all took off their hats there was almost no cheering, nor could I notice any sign of enthusiasm as the Prince and his suite, with their handsome uniforms, or the Princess Margherita in her dress of green velvet, with coachmen and outriders in gorgeous royal scarlet livery, rode by. It would not do to give too much weight to this, however, for I do not know how much enthusiasm was considered to be called for. But in the evening there was an illumination, and as five years ago I had seen the annual illuminations in honor of

the present Pope's miracle, when a floor, where he was, having given way, and nobody being killed, he took all the credit to himself, I took a cab with a classmate of mine, and we rode about the city. I was very forcibly reminded of the difference between then and now. Then almost every house and window was illuminated, now not more than half the houses, and only the lower story; and while then there were many ingenious devices and picturesque arrangements of lights, nothing of the sort was attempted now. To be sure, then there was a despotism, a power felt in every man's house, while now there is a free government, and one no longer feels compelled to illuminate for fear of losing favor, and so losing all chance of justice or success. I don't want to insist too strongly on such trivial indications, but certainly, if the King were enthusiastically popular, it would have found expression on so excellent an opportunity. It may be that the King is less popular than his cause, for he is a wretched old rake, they say, and he certainly has a most unprepossessing phiz. Then again, its being Lent was now undoubtedly a damper.

The third occasion, for which I am looking with some interest to-morrow, is the funeral procession in honor of Mazzini, which is to carry his bust to be placed among the great men of the country in the Capitol. As he was the leader of the Roman republicans in '49, and is indissolubly associated with the cause of Italian unity, I take it that the procession and the spirit in which it is greeted will be a fair indication of the popular regard for the latter idea, and for liberalism in general.

But suppose that we take it for granted that the Romans are a little sore just now, is it likely that this will have any serious effect? I think not. If Rome is discontented with being the

capital of Italy, Italy is contented, and determined as well to have her so. There are no foreign nations to interfere in the Pope's favor. Spain is governed by a prince of the House of Savoy, and even if he should be overthrown, is too weak to do anything. France has her hands full, with a tottering government and a crushing indemnity, while in Austria the "old Catholic" movement, if it has no other influence, would at least paralyze any aggressive movement to restore the temporal power, even if the government desired a war with Italy, which it undoubtedly does not. The discontent of the Romans will probably have disappeared before any turn of fortune or public opinion changed the position of affairs abroad. The benefits of good government will soon appear, and the middle classes will soon rally around it, and then the rest is a matter of time. It does me good to see Italian colors waving and Italian troops marching in the streets of Rome, though it is a little hard on the Pope's feelings to establish one of the drill-grounds right under his nose, so that he can hardly look out of his windows without seeing his own flock being trained into stanch warriors of the Antichrist. But enough of Italian politics.

To turn to home matters, I am rather puzzled as to the importance and result of the efforts of the liberal republicans against Grant. I should hardly think they could succeed in taking from him the nomination, but I hope they will be able to get elected a knot of independent men in Congress, who, by holding to some extent a balance of power, may prevent partisan legislation, such as has been our curse since the war. As to the Alabama question, which has naturally excited me a great deal, I think the only wise and proper course for our government to take is to throw over-

board, with as little delay and as little noise as possible, all the indirect claims which are making such a fuss. On both of these points I am quite anxious to know your opinion.

I suppose you would like to know some of my impressions of Rome, and especially that Rome of the past whose language and history, we, like all other little boys, used to think so great a bore, and now—for I am sure your feeling will echo mine—find so much pleasure in.

I think one's first feeling must be that of melancholy at the base uses our dust may return to.

The Roman Forum, for centuries the refuse-heap, the garbage-pile of the now barbarian city,—what a bitter satire it is! They make a salt warehouse of the Coliseum, and tear it half down to build an upstart prince's palace; they pull down a temple to build a flight of steps, or even to burn its marble columns for lime. Worse than all, having made a bull-ring of the Mausoleum of Augustus, where the ashes of the mightiest rulers of the world's history, the Roman Emperors from Augustus to Hadrian, had reposed, they let it out to a company of strolling players, who, in a little wooden theatre, treat the Romans to Offenbach and the Opera Bouffe à la Parisienne. The fate of the Forum was preferable; at least, it was only material filth there. If “even in our ashes live their wonted fires,” it is unpleasant to conceive what feelings animate those of Augustus as he hears a low woman and a barbarian practising her harlot's tricks above him. Another impression which enters deep and remains is that of the enormous power and wealth of this imperial city in those old days. After loitering for an afternoon in the Coliseum, or among the gigantic masses of masonry and stupendous halls of the Baths of Caracalla;

after threading the labyrinth of passages and chambers on the Palatine; after riding out on the Campagna, and seeing a few of the grand lines of arches stretching away to the blue hills in the distance, over which the fourteen aqueducts brought water to the city; after seeing in all the churches of Rome the wealth of precious marbles, such as are found nowhere else in the world, and in all the ground about here a still unexhausted quarry, after all the stealing; after wandering among a few hundred of the sixty thousand statues dug up in Rome and its vicinity, — one can understand how even the ghost of this departed power gave to the Popes an autocracy over Christendom. Such are two of the deepest impressions forced upon one by a stay in Rome.

Together with my classmate, Cabot Lodge, I have been reading, since I came here, Suetonius's *Lives of the Cæsars*. They are easy Latin, and as a series of character sketches, admirable. You can imagine what life they put into the crumbling walls and ruined arches about us, thus read on the spot. Especially have they interested me in the portraits, busts, and statues, of which there are so many in the collection here. While one realizes from a recent review of his life that Nero was a blackguard, that Galba was an avaricious martinet, that Vitellius was a glutton, that Vespasian was a shrewd old soldier, fond of his joke, that Titus was a good type of many of the Roman virtues, while his brother Domitian was a mean tyrant, — it gives a keen interest as he sees these characters so clearly marked in their respective faces. As a study of physiognomy these Roman busts are admirable. Julius Cæsar's face is still a good deal of a mystery to me. We will try to unravel it together next year, for I have photographs of it.

Your letter I enjoyed as usual, heartily, though now it is a little late to answer it. Don't be deterred from writing me about politics because you think I may have heard the facts before. The facts as worked over in one mind always present a different aspect from that which the working of another mind gives them, and one gets light on an intricate subject like this only by seeing it as looked at from different points of view. I have learned, in my home letters, of your visit. Mother was sorry to have missed it, and will be glad to see you should you have time to call again. . . .

I have just returned from the procession. It formed in the Piazza del Popoli just before my window, and going down the Corso and by several streets, through one end of the Forum, passed up the Capitoline Hill into the square of the Campidoglio. It was very large, taking a half-hour to pass a given point, and was made up of the various societies and trades-unions of Rome, each bearing their banner, the whole brought up by a car covered with black, and drawn by four white horses, on which there was a pedestal with the bust of Mazzini and a figure of Italia, a black veil over the head, crowning the bust with a laurel wreath. About the car marched twenty or thirty men in black, bearing tablets raised on poles, with the names of the heroes in Italy struggling for independence, or perhaps of the chief defenders of Rome in '49, for I confess my knowledge of modern history was not extensive enough to tell me which. As the car went along the ladies from their balconies, and the throng that lined the streets, showered laurel wreaths and flowers upon it till it was completely covered. The procession was principally made up of artisans, but there were many in it who belonged, I should think, to the class of clerks and

shopkeepers, and quite a number from the higher ranks of society. The streets were crowded, more so than during Carnival, and almost every balcony in the Corso was filled, while from every house hung an Italian flag with a knot of crape or black lace. After following the procession a little while, I took a short cut to the Capitol, and got a place on the side of the street, so as to see the whole procession again as it wound up the hill. It was very impressive to see this cortège in honor of a modern patriot slowly ascend that same Clivus Capitolinus which had witnessed the old triumphs of the Republic and the Empire. Scipio, Pompey, Cæsar, and the hundred successful generals of Rome had driven their chariots up this slope, and esteemed it the proudest honor that the world afforded, and now this honor is lavished on an unsuccessful rebel who died in exile.

I followed the car into the square of the Capitol, now one dense throng of people, who covered all the stairways and steps, crowded all the windows, and even perched themselves on the shoulders and extended limbs of the colossal river-gods before the Palace of the Senator. A couple of orators then addressed the people, and were received with considerable enthusiasm, and finally the bust was taken, amidst the applause of the crowd, from its pedestal, and carried reverently into the Palace of the Conservators, to be placed among those of the men who had deserved well of their country. Now you have the facts. What are the inferences? First, that there was a great deal of interest. The procession was very large, made up of men from all classes, and the streets and balconies along the route were crowded, while the flowers and wreaths heaped upon the car were a more delicate testimony to the general feeling. Next, that this interest was genuine, for it was not a

government affair, and there was nothing for a man to gain by shamming enthusiasm for Mazzini. Then, that it was, if anything, a defiance of the clergy; for Mazzini, though not an atheist, was far from being a Catholic, and it was his party the fear of which drove Pius IX. away from Rome, in '49. It was not strange then, though it seemed impossible in Rome, to have seen in that immense crowd only two priests, both of whom were making the best of their way out of it. I think it may be taken then as a good deal more than a set-off to the Pope's twenty-five thousand of the faithful at St. Peter's, and as showing that the Romans are not, after all, discontented with the present state of things.

But I have written you an unconscionably long letter, and I will therefore close abruptly. Write me when you feel like it, and at the same time, if you can, a long political letter, and remember me to all common friends.

Yours ever,

M. H. S.

To W. S. MACFARLANE, Esq.

ROME, March 17, 1872.

DEAR MOTHER, — On Monday, just after sending off your letter, I received two from you, one the note in answer to my telegram. My previous letters have told you what I intend to do, — stay, hoping to see Vicco in the summer in Germany. It was indeed a great shock to me, but now I am going about learning and storing up remembrances of beautiful sights as before. I do not think of death, fortunately, from the gloomy side, and though my first thought was like an intolerable pang, it now comes over me more as a sobering than a saddening influence. When I am alone I feel it most, of course. I thank you for your sympathy. . . .

I was delighted to hear of Will's success. If he become a phy-

sician, as I sincerely hope, I think he has a fine career ahead of him. He has enormous powers of work, a clear head, and a strong will, to which his every passion as his every faculty is subordinate, and those qualities are forces which, working along the line of a man's natural development, mean success.

I am delighted to hear the favorable reports which you and Will send me of Anita, poor child. She has had a hard time of it this winter. I only hope her recovery may be complete, and not leave her an invalid.

I am sorry you had so much anxiety on my behalf. Hereafter you need have none, for if you receive no letter you may know that one has been lost, as, come what may, I will regularly write or dictate a letter to you once a week. . . .

I have left but little room to tell of myself, and indeed there is very little to tell. I made a good many more visits to the Vatican the first part of the week, and have settled in my own mind that the frescos of the Sistine ceiling are the biggest things in the world in the way of painting. Since then I have n't been doing much but wishing to get away from Rome. I am here alone, my classmates are all gone but one, and I feel that every day here is a day lost to the pictures, statues, architecture, and scenery of the North. However, to-morrow I shall decide to do something, which will be a comfort. I shall add a few lines then, and so, for the present, good day to everybody, brother and sisters, aunts and cousin, relations and friends, says, my dear mother,

Your loving son,

HARRY.

P. S. Mr. S. has turned up all right, and as well as ever again; and so, with trunk packed and shawl strapped for Naples

to-day, I am to wait over night, and start for Florence to-morrow, leaving him in Rome for a week, when he will rejoin me. I shall stop on my way, at Perugia and Assisi, and arrive in Florence Thursday night, where I shall be with the Amorys and Nat Thayer. I suppose you will be glad to learn, as a last word to this rather unsatisfactory letter, that I am in a robust state of health, and growing perceptibly stouter, though the latter is a blow to my vanity.

FLORENCE, March 24, 1872.

DEAR MOTHER, — Away from Rome, and only a month more in Italy. Such are the main facts just at present. For the last few days that I was in Rome I was continually fretting to be away, but once away I look back with a great deal of affection for the grand old city. It does n't take the place of friends; but with a pleasant circle about one, it is the most fascinating place to stay in that I know of, unless, indeed, I except Paris.

Perhaps through losing my letters — for I don't know how many may have been lost — you have not heard my plans. They are, to see Florence, and then go, by Bologna, Parma, etc., to Milan, and then to Paris, by the 25th of April. There I am to meet Cabot Lodge, and to start with him for Spain, which is said to be perfect in May. Our trip will last about six weeks, and on our return I shall strike again into Northern Italy, and try to give Venice a fortnight, in June. Beyond that I have not at all decided, and my course will depend entirely on circumstances. . . .

Tuesday morning, then, I left Rome finally, and as I had lost four days there by waiting for Mr. S., I concluded, with some regret, to give up Terni, much as I had heard its lovely falls

praised, and went to Perugia. In order to economize a little, I had purchased a through ticket to Florence; but it proved an expensive economy, for I was obliged to suffer some delay to have it indorsed by the station-master, and when I got out the omnibus was full. I jumped on the outside, however, and we started off. The clouds were very heavy, it soon began to sprinkle, and before we were half-way up that mile of hill there burst upon us the worst hail-storm that I have seen in Italy. It was nothing serious to one who was prepared for it; but when one has a new beaver and no umbrella, a shower is rather a severe test to his philosophy. However, before dinner my spirits had sufficiently recovered to take a walk about the town and a look at the two beautiful views which the town commands,—the one to the north, among the mountains; the other southward, down the valley of the Tiber, the mountains still remaining as a background. At dinner, whom should I meet but Miss Wilby, with Mrs. Clark, her sister, and two younger ladies, Miss Weld and Miss Cushing? Miss Wilby (who desired to be remembered, particularly to Grace) and Mrs. Clark, with the two Misses Crufts, who were also there, were going next day to ride over to Assisi and see the church, and as I had proposed to myself to make a solitary pilgrimage to the same spot, they invited me to act as their escort,—an invitation which I promptly accepted. Wednesday was rather a cloudy day, but we had enough sun to get the bright color and deep shadows of Italy every now and then, and we did not suffer from the glare which is often, you know, oppressive. Our ride of about ten or twelve miles lay through the valley of the Upper Tiber,—a plain apparently as fertile, or I dare say, far more so than our Connecticut Valley, almost entirely devoted to vine culture, the vines being trained on dwarf-

elms, planted in rows, and never allowed to grow more than twelve or fifteen feet high. These interminable rows of low trees, planted twenty feet apart, form such a striking characteristic of Middle and North Italian scenery that I am sure you must recollect them. The ride would have been monotonous, particularly as I sat on the box, and conversation was about equally difficult with the ladies in the carriage and the driver at my side, who, however, guessed at the meaning of my barbarous Italian with surprising readiness, but the distant mountains were full of beauty and grandeur, and a couple of hours was far from exhausting their influence. We stopped on the way at an Etruscan tomb, whose dark entrance was beautifully draped with the maiden-hair fern, the bright green of which made a pleasant relief from the grim old sepulchre. The tomb was a chamber cut in the turf, the roof cut to represent rafters and a ridge-pole, and quite a number of Medusa heads, owls, and architectural ornaments carved also from the living rock. Out of this opened several smaller chambers, and at the end farthest from the entrance there was a niche containing several sarcophagi, some very well carved, and all bearing inscriptions in that strange Etruscan language which still remains a riddle to the scholars.

Assisi is situated on a hill, like almost every small town in Italy. Its most picturesque feature is the celebrated Franciscan monastery, now suppressed. This is built partly upon large buttresses on the precipitous side of the hill. These form a line of immense arches, which, of course, with their deep shadows, and the sense they give of human skill and power, are very effective in the view. The church of the monastery is unique, for there are three churches built one over the other. The lowest is a mere

crypt chapel over the tomb of St. Francis. The second is really a crypt, but the low, wide arch of the vaulted roof, whose effect Taine describes admirably when he says that it makes one involuntarily bend the knee, is covered with rich painting as well as the walls. Over the nave it is of deep blue (they still show on an old tomb the porphyry vase in which the Queen of Cyprus sent them the ultramarine to paint it with), with gold stars, and a brighter pattern on the ribs, but over the high altar are four frescos by Giotto, occupying the four triangular divisions of one square of the roof. They are far better than the work from which Nelly and Martha conceived their disgust of him, and together with some frescos of his in Naples, have shown me what a genius he was, and what an immense stride he made in advance of his masters. These were what I mainly came to see. The upper church, Gothic, without aisles, and completely covered with frescos by Cimabue, Giotto, and his scholars, is a great contrast in its brightness and light proportions to the dark and sombre church below. Some one has compared the three churches to heaven, earth, and hell,—an ingenious and half-warranted bit of fancy.

Thursday morning I explored Perugia. It is a charming place, as picturesque a spot as I have seen in Italy, and perhaps in Europe, with its narrow streets, sharp angles, steep hills, and especially its remains of the Middle Ages, the arches which cross the streets, the high towers, the richly carved doorways, the palaces with their Gothic windows and arcades, and, in a word,—to end in a bathos,—the whole thing.

In the afternoon I started for Florence, where I arrived just too late for *table d'hôte*, and after installing myself in my new quarters went down to see the Amorys and Nat Thayer, whom I was very glad to meet again after my week alone.

Friday, sight-seeing, of course. First to Santa Maria Novella, the outside of which was very familiar to me, but the interior quite new. So we examined the frescos, remarked how much superior Ghirlandajo was to Filippino Lippi, climbed up a ladder to catch a sight of Cimabue's great Madonna, — which we decided was better than the Byzantine ones, though that was n't saying very much, — looked at the frescos of Orcagna, of Taddeo Gaddi, and of Simone Memmi, and finally "did" the church, though I am going there again. Then we went to the Uffizzi, which seemed like an old friend. As it was my first visit, I went through the whole gallery to get a general idea of it. I was much impressed, but will say no more about it, as I should require several volumes, with an appendix of plates, to say what I want to. The afternoon I gave to rest, being a little tired.

Saturday, sight-seeing again. First to the Academy of Fine Arts, which you probably remember. There are several Peruginos there, and lots of the older masters, and those two remarkable portraits, Carlo Dolci's of Fra Angelico, and the Savonarola of Fra Bartolommeo. Then to the Palazzo del Podesta, where we saw the old armor and the antiquities and quite a number of bronzes, especially John of Bologna's Mercury, who balances himself so lightly on one foot upon the breath of the north-wind. The afternoon I rested as usual, reading Roscoe's Lorenzi de Medici, a rather heavy history of an intensely interesting time. To-day, after church, I began this letter to you, but was interrupted by the waiter, who brought me the card of J. S. Lawrence, the classmate I met so accidentally at Dresden. I went immediately up to his room, and spent the rest of the afternoon there, for I found he had been in the hotel sick three days without my knowing it.

HARRY.

The insidious Roman malaria had already penetrated his system when this last letter was penned. His complaints of headache, and then a wet ride at Perugia, were the simplest accidents to befall a tourist; but now they appear what they surely were, evil precursors of the approaching illness. How slight a thread winds back to the hidden cause, and suddenly draws the great mystery of Divine will into the feeble light of our finite understanding! It was to be, and in those four little words lie the grief and joy, the despair and resignation, of many a broken household.

Miss Wilby, one of the ladies mentioned in the above letter, wrote some weeks later of their meeting at Perugia.

"I should not have known him if he had not come to me and pleasantly introduced himself. We had a little talk, and I asked what he meant to do the next day. 'I am going to Assisi,' was his reply. I then asked him to join us, as we were also going, which he seemed glad to do. We had a charming day together, and I was delighted with the thoughtfulness, the great amount of information, and the entire modesty which he showed; we all spoke of it. I remember one little incident particularly. One of us asked what kind of tree it was that was kept so closely cut to train the vines upon. 'It is the elm,' he said; and then after a moment continued, 'Horace lamented that the rich men of his time should plant the plane-tree to ornament their gardens instead of the elm, as the plane-tree was a bachelor, while the elm was wedded to the vine.' And so he had constantly some pleasant addition to make to the general fund

of talk. He was very much interested in the old frescos of the church of St. Francis, and studied them carefully, Kügler in hand. The morning after I went off early and did not see him again. He left at noon for Florence."

The rainy week following his arrival in Florence he complained of chilliness and headache, and nursed himself for a slight cold; but it did not prevent his driving about sight-seeing with a party of friends who had been with him in Rome. There was no other warning of danger, no presentiment that in ten brief days the happiness in so many hearts would be dimmed because those pure eyes were closed forever on earth, and on that strong, young breast the flowers of Florence were lying. Who can tell what premonitions had shadowed the previous weeks, when deep anxiety for a dear friend's life had hastened his return to Rome? Vigorous, light-hearted as he was, and flushed with exciting fatigues of travel, the sad news from America visibly affected him; and though not given to brooding over the inevitable, as he had written his mother, he drifted naturally into the serious aspects of the hour, with its consequences to himself as well as to others. Harry's travelling companion, Mr. C. W. Sanderson, writes home at the time (February 26, 1872), regarding the proposed return to America, and in conclusion says:—

"While on our return by rail from Pæstum, I found myself so used up that I left the rest of the party and took a seat alone in another compartment. Upon reaching La Cava Harry

also left the others and came into my compartment and sat with me. His mind seemed greatly troubled about the critical condition of the Baron, and in course of conversation he spoke very freely on the subject of death and a future state, so much so that I was more than ordinarily impressed. In speaking of his hope of heaven, he said that, notwithstanding his former doubts and forebodings, he had gotten above them all, and that he had the most implicit faith in Christ and the atonement, and that he had no fears of death, but was ready to go hence whenever God saw fit to call him. I begged him to cease talking on the subject, for it depressed me sadly; and I even asked him why he spoke in such a strain, but to this he gave no direct reply. There was a time last autumn when Harry had the most undesirable influences around him, and I felt no little anxiety about his speculative state of mind. But surely he is now firm in the faith, and shows a most remarkable spiritual development during the last few months. As he said, 'There was no rest for my soul as long as I dwelt upon speculative theories and a disbelief of the Holy Scriptures. I feel now that my faith can never be shaken again, for I *know* in whom I believe.' Harry's example is worth more than a volume of sermons, and in all my life I have never seen any one who combined so much purity and goodness with such strength of character and high intellectual attainments."

There was nothing morbid in Harry's temperament, and this conversation is now recalled from no desire to cloud sunny recollections of his sunny life, but rather that we may gather up those last days and take into our own keep-

ing what was so lovable in them, and so indicative of the supremely trusting nature standing alone and unconscious at the threshold of another world.

But disease was progressing day by day, and the symptoms of a treacherous typhoid-fever began to assume a complicated form. It was on the first of April, however, before Harry had fairly taken to his bed, that he sent a letter in pencil to his mother. When he came to the superscription his strength almost failed, and he said to a young friend who was with him that he feared the sight of his shaky hand would alarm her, but a stranger's would certainly do so; and he made another great effort and accomplished the task with no little satisfaction to himself. These pencilled lines were the last he ever wrote, the very last expressions of love for the dear mother to whom he had always clung with a sweet and filial devotion, with that rare sympathy which had made their union of one-and-twenty years an unbroken joy.

This letter reached Boston when all was over.

FLORENCE, April 1, 1872.

DEAR MOTHER,—I have n't much to tell you of during the past week, for it has been very rainy and dark, the churches and galleries have been, the ones full of worshippers, the others closed, and then, too, the last of the week I have been lying by recruiting, for I found I had got quite run down by my vigorous sight-seeing. On Monday we went to the Pitti, after visiting the studios of Fedi, Ball, and Powers. I was rather disappointed

with Mr. Powers's studio, but enjoyed Mr. Ball's very much. He has a delicacy of fun and a truth to nature in some statues of little girls, which is admirable, while in a statue of Governor Andrew, which stands in the State House, I believe he has expressed a great deal of dignity. The Pitti I saw, but that was about all, for I was tired, and though the rooms looked very familiar with the old pictures, I felt Frank's impulse to go for a chair. Since then, I have n't seen very much. Thursday I drove out to San Miniato, where there's that view of Firenze la Bella, and where has just been constructed a magnificent drive-way. Tuesday, by the way, I was invited to dine, by Mr. Appleton, but declined, as I was not feeling well enough. Finding myself getting no better, I put myself under the care of a physician, who says that I have no serious trouble, and am improving daily. As my head aches a good deal, I am going to ask you to excuse a longer letter to-day. Next week more at length from

Your affectionate son

HARRY.

P. S. I write in pencil, for my ink is down stairs.

Fortunately, during that short but terrible illness, Harry did not realize his peril. At first he was chiefly concerned at giving any trouble to his friends, and then, that he might get well as speedily as possible so as to fill out the Italian journey, and start for Spain by the 24th of April. Friends clustered around him in this trying hour, and their tender care palliated many of the discomforts of a foreign hotel. When his condition grew alarming, they watched day and night, using every human means to save him, but all in vain.

Deeply attached to him for his own sake, their anxiety was painfully enhanced by the thought of the greater anxiety in that home thousands of miles away, and what cruel suspense must be the portion of father, mother, sisters, and brother, as they waited for those daily bulletins that might tell them of the worst. It seemed impossible that Harry, with his strong constitution, should not rally. So robust, so full of joyous, healthful spirits, and with everything to live for, how could he die! Was it time that the ripening youth, that fresh manhood, should be gathered into the great harvest? And hoping against hope, we believed the time had not come, and that the dear boy would be passed by. But no, the thunderbolt fell upon us as from a clear sky. In the early morning of the 12th of April, Harry Simpson left a world that had been the brighter for his coming, and must have been the better had his life been spared.

The history of those ten sad days are fully told in the following letter.

LETTER FROM REV. MR. A. LAWRENCE.

VENICE, April 26, 1872.

MY DEAR MRS. SIMPSON, — Kind hands have already written you so many letters in regard to your son's sickness and death that I feel I ought to apologize for adding another to the number. I am unwilling, needlessly, to open afresh those dreadful wounds; and the consciousness that they are altogether beyond my reach, and I can do nothing to heal or relieve them, makes me shrink

from addressing you. But Mr. Sanderson wished me to do it, and Mrs. Lawrence also tells me I ought to write you. But I do *not* write to comfort you. That would be an intrusion, and I leave it to those whose long acquaintance and tried friendship give them a right, if any human lips have the right, to offer consolation in so unspeakably great an agony. The depths of your sorrow I cannot sound, for much as I have myself sorrowed in life, I never yet loved, rejoiced in, and lost such a son.

When all, who had only casually met him, were drawn to, and loved him, I know how intensely she must have yearned over him who has known him through all these years, watched his development, whose sympathies with her noble son led her to understand him, whose tastes were like his, who had given him birth, — his mother. Since he left us on that dark morning I have seen and heard from a great number of persons, some of whom had known Harry for years, and others who had met him for the first time on this last European journey, and all speak of him in terms only of respect and admiration. Every one, too, loved him. It is not often the case that one so gifted as he was is so universally loved. The very gifts that are admired are oftentimes envied, and rivals have no love to throw away upon each other. But your son had so noble and generous a nature, he was so manly, so unselfish, so considerate of others, that even his rivals loved him, and some of them knew and felt that he voluntarily resigned to them the place that he might easily have claimed for himself. One of his classmates has said since his death, "He was the most unselfish person I ever knew." Others have borne similar testimony, and all speak of him as among the foremost, if not the very first, of his large and able class. Indeed, I have never met with a case that better justi-

fies the lines of the poet, said of another who fell, like Harry, in his early prime: —

“None knew him but to love him,
None named him but to praise.”

It was easy to serve such a person, and to his classmates, Amory and Thayer and Lawrence, who were with him, it was evidently a work of love to minister to him; and the messages that came from Lodge and Munroe showed how earnestly they longed to share in ministrations to one so admired and loved.

We arrived at Florence (from Perugia) on Saturday evening, April 6. Mr. Sanderson accompanied us from Rome, where Harry had left him. He had not been well there, was working beyond his strength, and your son had his trunk packed to go to him from Florence and was only prevented from doing so by receiving from Mr. S. more favorable news. Mr. S. was in the doctor's hands at Rome, nor did he know more of Harry's state than that he “had not been very well.” We were very much shocked, therefore, when on Sunday Mr. S. came into our room while we were at dinner and reported your son as “down sick with fever.” Mr. S. had taken rooms with us, but at once began packing up to go and occupy a room next to Harry's, which he had kept for him since the previous Thursday, I went immediately with Mr. Sanderson to the doctor who was attending your son, that we might learn from him what he thought of the case, that we might act accordingly. He told us the case was a simple one, that Harry was doing well, was going through a course of fever that had been hanging about him for three weeks or more, and that *unless some complication occurred* there was no occasion for alarm. Knowing well how much was

at stake, I sought to find out Dr. Wilson's reputation for skill and faithfulness, and in all directions met with only one testimony, tersely expressed by an American banker from Philadelphia who had been many years in Florence, — "He is worth all the other Florentine physicians put together." He told me he had been twenty-five years in Florence, and had had from twenty to thirty cases of this Roman fever every spring since he began practice there. Our interview with him was at 3 P. M. of Sunday, at which time I had not seen Harry. Two hours later the doctor found Harry worse; he was breathing hard, pneumonia had complicated with the fever, and Dr. W. was alarmed. In the morning he directed Mr. Sanderson to telegraph you his danger. Mr. S. was so feeble and so agitated by Harry's peril that he was wholly unfitted for the sick-room, and, indeed, had himself to return to our rooms and to the doctor's care. His place was taken by another of Harry's friends, who was only too glad to be of service to him, and who did not leave him till all was over. Mr. Amory, also, had been summoned back from Venice at his own request by young Lawrence, and reached Harry's hotel on Monday evening. At noon on Monday I asked Dr. Wilson to call to his aid any and every counsel that could by possibility be of service, for that I knew you would wish everything to be done that could be to subdue the disease and save the dear boy from his peril. He brought in Professor Fallani, who saw him a few hours after, and who came with Dr. W. each day thereafter till Harry died. He is a venerable gray-haired man of fifty-five or sixty, and stands high in the medical school, of which he is a professor. Dr. W. and the nurse had been engaged before we came, I believe by Mr. Appleton.

The nurse proved kind, judicious, watchful, and experienced. Harry's room was an extra large one on the fifth story fronting on the Arno, and high enough to be airy and quiet. The entire floor, moreover, was occupied by his friends, Mr. Amory, Thayer, and Lawrence, and one room retained for Sanderson, so that there was no risk of disturbance from unknowing, unsympathizing strangers. We especially rejoiced in this for Harry's sake, for the Prince of Wales and party, and the Duke of Nassau and party were in the hotel and rendered the house more than usually liable to parade, noise, and bustle. But you may rest quite assured that the dear boy suffered nothing from this source, and that everything was ordered for him kindly as could be for one who must meet the great struggle away from home and far from sisters and mother. Mr. Amory proved himself most unweariedly kind, and only left the room for the most urgent necessities from Monday night till the morning of Friday. He and Mrs. Amory and Miss Hoppin and young Thayer hastened back from Venice (where they had been only one day), that they might in some imperfect way supply by their care the absence of parents and sisters. They will have won your heart, I know, as they have ours, by this unselfish devotion to your son in his great need. It has been, too, a new illustration of the Lord's care of his own that these friends should thus have clustered around the dear one for whom you were praying at home. True they could not save him ("for the dear Lord had need of him" elsewhere), but they did all that unwearied kindness and watching could do to save him, and, failing this, to mitigate the sufferings of the struggle.

You will ask, I know, if Harry was conscious of his peril,

or supposed that he was about to die. Not because you can feel *any* solicitude about your dear son's readiness, for to all such solicitude his *life* was and is a sufficient answer. Everybody who knew him felt that he was very good, and the evidence of his union to the Lord, and the hope that he has gone to be forever with him, could not be strengthened by pages of "last words." Still your *heart* will ask the question, "Was he conscious?" because you will long for some message of love and tenderness from the dear lips that you had so often pressed with your own, and that have so often before spoken words of love to you in your presence and prayed for you when absent. But from the time I saw him until his death Harry was not himself. He knew his friends and called them by name, and was thus in a degree conscious, and oftentimes during those dark days there seemed to hover about his mind a shadow of the coming end. He occasionally made remarks that revealed thoughts of death as approaching to him; as when he said on Wednesday night to his classmate Amory, "Frank, if I should die to-night I want you to see all my debts paid, and make this old woman comfortable." On another occasion earlier in the same day, he said to another of his friends sitting by him, "Doctor," mistaking him for his physician, — "Doctor, I promised my mother when I left home that I would write her a letter every week while I was gone; now if I get worse I want you to see it done, will you?" "Yes, I will." "Direct to her at No. 6 Ashburton Place, Boston." It was on this day, Wednesday, at noon, that the faces of the doctors brightened when they saw him, for his symptoms all seemed better, and they allowed me (or rather bade me) telegraph to you "a slight

improvement since yesterday." We hoped *with trembling*. Mrs. L. clung to hope all along, for it seemed to her that "Harry could not be spared." But the sky was soon darkened again, the bad symptoms all returned, and our heavy hearts were all the heavier for having been for one bright hour relieved. Though Harry was not himself, there was one respect in which he *was* always himself. His habitual kindness, politeness, consideration of others, clung to him even in delirium. His medicine was odious to him, especially as the doctor required that it should be given very often. We had sometimes to reason with him. "Please take it, Harry, you know we want you to get well, and we only want to help you." "You do help me. I wish I could tell you how much I love you for all you are doing for me." At one time he wanted to get into another bed that stood near; he was so uncomfortable in that one. "O no! I think I would n't, Harry, you will expose yourself." "All right; I give up to you." But shortly after the desire was again expressed. "I must get into that bed." "But I am sure the doctor would n't like it." "O, I have had several doctors tell me I must n't, but I have a mind of my own on the matter." "But that bed is very cold." "No matter, it is for my benefit, and I must insist upon it," at the same time rising up in his bed. "But, Harry, I know your mother would n't like it." "Well, — yes, — I consent."

The next day, Thursday, when his speech had become inarticulate and it was very difficult to understand any of his words, his hands and eyes were raised as if in prayer; but the lips that had known so well how to speak and had so often spoken eloquently now refused their office, and only the Omniscient

Father could know what was passing in that appealing soul. We heard his voice for some minutes, but only God knew what of petition or adoration those words expressed. I thought then of the hymn we have so often sung, —

“Then in a nobler, sweeter song
 I ’ll sing thy power to save,
 When this poor *lisp*ing, *stammering tongue*
 Lies silent in the grave.”

I thought of the bitterness that would come to us, of the glory that was dawning on him. At eleven o’clock that night I left him with two young friends (graduates of Harvard, ’69, Mr. Fox and Mr. Morley of Newburyport), and when after a few hours’ sleep I returned at six in the morning, he had passed away; and I took my sad way to the office to send the news to you.

It will be soothing to you to know how tenderly and reverently he was attended to his burial. The little chapel at the English cemetery was much more than filled by sympathizing Americans, including many from Boston, and the coffin that held your son was literally covered with choice sweet flowers. These will all go with him on his long journey across the ocean, — a testimonial, though withered and faded, of the love that followed him to the last. One of the crosses was from Miss Hoppin, another from Mrs. Charles Sumner, etc. The funeral service was at 4 P. M. of Saturday, and was attended by Dr. Van Nest of the American Chapel at Florence, and Dr. A. C. Thompson of Roxbury. It was simple, but to me deeply impressive. We regretted, when it was quite too late, that we had not sent you the hour, that you might have joined with us

in the solemnities. They were made to us the more impressive by the fact that the bodies of two other young men were lying in the chapel at the same hour, awaiting removal to aching hearts in America,—young Swain of the class of '69, who had died on the 1st of April, and Smith of Providence, who died on the 10th, both at Florence.

On the morning that Harry died Mr. Sanderson sent a despatch to Milan for young Hodges, hoping that for your sake he might be present at the funeral. He had known you all so intimately, and loved Harry so much, it seemed to Mr. S. that he must be present. In the evening he received a despatch from the American Consul at Milan that "Hodges died of typhoid-fever" the evening before. Can you judge of the shock to us all, but especially to Mr. Sanderson, who was still very feeble? It had been a great trial to him that he could not be with Harry during his sickness, and could do nothing after his death. But he required careful nursing himself, and only by this was he saved from the worst forms of the fever.

I am afraid I have both wearied and pained you, my dear Mrs. Simpson, by this long letter and its minuteness of detail. But in writing it my only guide has been what I would myself wish in similar circumstances, and I know you will pardon me if I have erred. I may hope to see you on our return, or Mrs. Lawrence will, to mingle her tears with yours, and talk with you of the dear one who has so early gone to his reward. Meantime my earnest prayer is, and has daily been, that God will sustain you in this great sorrow, and that the dear Lord, who himself so suffered in achieving our redemption, will sympathize with you in your agony, and put underneath you his loving arms.

We are all grieved that the precious remains must be so long in reaching you. But we saw no possible way of preventing it. The trying forms of Italian law forbade its earlier departure from Florence, and the risks of delay — detention at different frontiers and stations — forbade sending by express to a French or German port. It will not leave Leghorn until Sunday next, the 28th, and I am unable to learn how many days are usually occupied in the voyage from thence to New York. Be assured, my dear Mrs. Simpson, we have done all we could to meet the desires of those who wait at home in an agony of suspense for all that remains of one so dearly, deeply, tenderly loved. The dear face looked very natural on the morning after the great strife was over, — as Amory said, “very beautiful.” The next morning, when I went to the little chapel and stood before it all alone, I found it somewhat changed, and the process of embalming had distended a little unnaturally the features. I took the enclosed lock of hair at that time to send to you. I do not know but I might have hesitated to do it, had it not been suggested by dear Mrs. Amory.

May I say for Mrs. Lawrence that she has twice, perhaps more, commenced letters to you, but found herself unequal to the painful task. Perhaps at some future day, when the great sorrow shall have been mellowed by time, and all hearts have learned to bear it, she may then be able to tell you how deeply she sympathized with you in the dread experience of these days. Beautiful Florence! henceforth to us it will be covered with a pall of gloom. Nothing can ever remove the cloud that settled down and shrouded it through that five days of awful suspense and suffering.

In Christian sympathy, yours ever,

AMOS E. LAWRENCE.

Three years have passed away since Harry was laid at rest in Mt. Auburn.

It was a fair, sweet day in June when

"All the land in flowery squares
Beneath a broad and equal-blowing wind
Smelt of the coming summer,"

that brought him home. The strange truth, that distance had robbed of half its reality, suddenly thrilled through every heart gathered about that peaceful grave, and then, only then, could we understand that he was dead! But when the fresh dew-stained flowers mingled their fragrance with the faded Florence tributes still resting on his coffin, and the sacred ground responded to that mortal cry of "dust to dust!" we knew this saddest of welcomes was, indeed, the final farewell on earth.

That day Harry Simpson bequeathed a spotless memory to all who had loved and honored him in life. It was no colorless record of a faultless life, to be wept and then forgotten, but that of a strong individuality, of a rarely adjusted nature, — a nature so human it never failed to sympathize with humanity, so pure it repelled stain, so generous it constantly expanded with the broad charity of the willing giver, and so stimulating it aroused noble desires in less ardent, less thoughtful souls, by its warm and unselfish example. Perhaps the keynote of his character is touched in a remark he once made to his mother, when he had been deeply moved by a misunderstanding with a dear friend, "As unhappy as I am,

in having wounded the feelings of another, it is as nothing compared to my grief at having displeased my Maker." And his whole existence was tuned in harmony with this conscientious outburst.

The most cherished sentiment of Harry's heart was undoubtedly the beautiful love he bore his mother. Almost perfect unanimity of thought, and a perfect sympathy with each other's tastes, had created an exquisitely tender bond between them. It was one of those rare unions, combining the intimate confidences of friendship and a deep maternal solicitude, which is so sure to leave an indelible impression on the future of the man. It was to his mother that he nightly confided his childish hopes, his boyish experiences; it was to her his innermost thoughts were told, and it was through her influence and guidance that he retained the spotless purity of childhood when he began to learn the perilous ways of a great world. His chivalrous devotion to her was certainly one of the most marked traits in his character. From his earliest years he had enshrined filial duty, as if it had been a priceless gem, in the recesses of his heart. Those lovely qualities that he inherited from her were returned tenfold, and, being what he was, he paid the noblest tribute a son can ever pay his mother for her devoted love and constant prayers.

Harry was keenly appreciative of the advantages and the sweet influences surrounding him at home. He often said that he did not believe a happier boy existed, or one who

had a more delightful home. But then, it can be said in return, that no boy ever made himself more beloved, or was so much to those he loved, as Harry. Practical and self-reliant, he very soon assumed the responsibilities of the elder son, and while other boys would have been thinking only of their games or books, he was ready to suggest and to devise pleasant plans for the family's enjoyment, or he would arrange all the details of a long journey with a business tact that left no anxiety in the minds of those personally interested in its success. As he grew to man's estate, and his character asserted itself with yet greater force, he became the very centre of the household, where all regarded him as their companion, their guide, and the inspirer of everything bright and good among them. If he was the perfect son and brother, he was as truly a thorough friend; firm and unswerving in his loyalty, magnetic in his sympathetic bearing. One could not ask more, or believe more of friendship, than was generously accorded when he had once taken you by the hand.

The numerous testimonials that have been written by his classmates to aid in the arrangement of this brief sketch are singularly unanimous in their expressions of appreciation of his lovable traits of heart and mind. Whether the writers called him their personal friend, or had known him merely as a college acquaintance, they one and all speak with an affectionate warmth that is as manly as it is sincere and pure. These letters, fraught with so much honest feeling, have

formed the groundwork of this little volume; they speak in every line, and side by side with those written by Harry's own hand during that closing, fruitful year:—

“Alas! that all we loved of him should be
But for our grief, as if it had not been,
And grief itself be mortal!
He has outsoared the shadow of our might;
Envy and calumny, and hate and pain,
And that unrest which men miscall delight,
Can touch him not, and torture not again;
From the contagion of the world's slow stain
He is secure, and now can never mourn
A heart grown cold, a head grown gray in vain.”

LETTERS.

THE numerous letters of sympathy and condolence that were received by Harry's family during those sorrowful days should find their place in this record of his life; but a few must represent the many. The selection has been made with the one hope that a stronger, if not a newer light may rest upon the sweet young character by means of their preservation here.

FLORENCE, April 12, 1872.

DEAR MRS. SIMPSON, — Although at this moment of anguish and affliction I do not attempt to offer you one word of consolation, I venture to hope that a few lines giving you some details of the last illness of your son may not prove unproductive of comfort. During several weeks in Rome this winter, and again for a few days since we have been in Florence, we have had the pleasure of a most intimate acquaintance, and you will readily understand, therefore, the interest we have taken, and the friendship we have felt.

He arrived from Rome the latter part of March, and seemed at that time in health, although he confessed to having felt slightly unwell during a few days previously. On Monday, the

25th, he accompanied us to several churches, galleries, etc., and when we assembled in my parlor for lunch he appeared in good spirits. After dinner I observed that he did not employ himself with his book as usual, but sat by the fire and at ten o'clock retired, promising to join us at dinner at Mr. C. H. Appleton's, a relative and friend of my own, the following day. The next morning, however, he complained of a headache, and remained in his bedroom. The headache increased, but not so much as to require other assistance than the companionship of his classmates, Messrs. Thayer and Lawrence, and my son, which he had constantly during the days we remained in Florence, with also a physician's attendance. Dr. Wilson is an English practitioner of great skill and reputation, and treated him for Roman fever, but was by no means alarmed at his situation. On Thursday we left for Venice with the understanding that, if required, my son would return to Florence on the receipt of a telegram. After our departure Mr. Appleton visited him in his room and thought a nurse necessary, as he was apparently averse to making much effort. He supplied one who had the advantage of speaking English. On Sunday we received from young Lawrence the telegram that the symptoms were very alarming, having the nature of typhoid, and that his disease was not altogether the Roman fever, as we supposed, — that the physicians feared congestion of the lungs. On Monday we returned to Florence, and from that time the constant attention of Mr. Lawrence, — a clergyman, with whom I believe you are acquainted, — assisted by my son, his classmate and friend, has been unremitting. Mr. Lawrence has rarely left him for many hours either by night or day. My son has occupied the next

room to him, with myself and cousin adjoining, and young Lawrence the other side; so that the whole floor has been under the management of his friends. The nurse has proved very good, the physician most attentive, always paying him four visits for the last few days, and often returning if occasion required. On Wednesday night, while my son was with him he appeared quite himself for a time, but soon delirium prevented all recognition, consequently he was spared all knowledge of his suffering or of his dangerous condition, which I trust may in time give you consolation. The congestion of the lungs produced great difficulty of breathing, spasms, and tendency of blood to the brain; but the restlessness induced by it was afflicting only to his friends, as he was not aware of it.

On Thursday large doses of chloral were administered to induce sleep, which seemed for an hour or two to reduce the uneasy restlessness, and he slept for some time. The physician had at that time the belief that this refreshment would produce a beneficial change, and pronounced his condition not entirely hopeless. At about twelve o'clock, however, he seemed more desponding, and gave it as his opinion that the result would be a question of *time only*, and at half past five o'clock your son quietly and calmly passed from this world. My son was at his side, and two young gentlemen, graduates of Harvard, Messrs. Fox and Moseley, passed also the night in the room.

On this occasion, so melancholy and so solemn, dear Mrs. Simpson, I can offer you the sympathy of a mother's heart, rendered very sincere by the amiable manners and excellent dis-

position and character of one most highly valued and truly regretted by a large circle of friends. I must hope that the knowledge that your son has received all the care and attention that were possible, and that many gentlemen were kind and considerate in their offers of service, will relieve you from the fear that he might have suffered without suitable assistance. I think everything has been done in the most judicious manner by Mr. Lawrence's advice, and under the sanction of his constant presence.

I must add my entire appreciation of your affliction at this heavy loss, and my hope that time with its beneficial influence may help you to bear it. I need not enlarge upon the estimable qualities and fine character we so much loved and admired, but entreat you to remember that God's will is best for us.

With sincere sympathy,

ANNA L. AMORY.

PARIS, April 12, 1872.

DEAR MRS. SIMPSON,—I do not know that you will more than recognize my name, but at this moment, overwhelmed as I am by the terrible news of Harry's death, which reached me this morning, I feel that I can get relief only by sitting down and trying to tell you how I loved him, and clung to his friendship, and I know from sad experience that at such a time even the poorest expression of sympathy is welcome.

The tears come to my eyes as I think of him, and I so little realize the sad reality that I hardly can find any words to tell all that is in my heart to say.

I had no idea of his sickness until day before yesterday, by a

letter from my chum, Amory; and my first impulse was to go at once to Florence, but my wife's recent confinement and the doctor's unhesitating prohibition kept me here, and I should have got there too late. It is the strongest light of friendship ever given to me that has gone out of my life, and the path that we had traced together looks very dark to me now.

I cannot speak to you, his mother, of his brilliant talents and noble character, and I can only try to show you that I appreciated and loved him. Such a life gone is a great, irreparable loss to his home and country, for he was one of those vigorous, able, truthful souls that we want so sorely in our new world, and in the efforts to help humanity. I cannot say on paper what I want, and am very incoherent, but I trust to seeing you when I return, and the lips may say what the pen cannot. My wife just called me to her bedside, and I cannot do other than repeat her words: "Try to tell Mrs. Simpson how I feel for her and sympathize with her." I cannot write any words of comfort,—I can only say, God bless and help you now and always.

H. C. LODGE.

PARIS, April 12, 1872.

DEAR MRS. SIMPSON,—I cannot keep from writing to you and expressing my deep sympathy with you and your family in your present sudden and terrible bereavement. I knew your son well; an acquaintance, a friendship, of four years' standing in college and of close intimacy with him while here in Paris had taught me to love him as a true friend. His death was a terrible shock to the few of us who were here, and he will be mourned and lamented by all his innumerable friends.

Acknowledged by all in college with him to be their ablest scholar, I know of no one who was more universally liked and beloved than he. We are as yet, of course, without particulars here of the sad event, but are waiting for further news this afternoon. Rest assured that he was surrounded by kind friends, and that, though so far away from home, all was done for him that could be. The first intimation we received of his being seriously ill was in a letter from Frank Amory to Cabot Lodge, dated Venice, last Saturday. On its receipt Lodge, although he was leaving behind him a sick wife and a baby only five days old, spared no effort in trying to leave for Florence, and was only prevented from doing so by the doctor's express orders that he should not leave his wife in her present condition. All that can be done here for our dear friend we shall only be too thankful to do.

Again expressing my deep sympathy in your sudden loss, I remain, with much respect,

Yours sincerely,

JOHN MUNROE.

FLORENCE, April 14, 1872.

DEAR MR. AND MRS. SIMPSON, — This place and date are a sufficient apology for any one, though a stranger, addressing you. I have not had the pleasure of an acquaintance with yourselves, nor yet with your son so recently deceased; still the event which has so severely bereaved you, together with the funeral service of yesterday, do not leave me unacquainted with him, nor with your own grief. I cannot refrain from tendering my sympathy. Mrs. Thompson, who also stood beside those cherished remains in the cemetery chapel, joins me in the expression of tender Christian regards.

It was at the request of Dr. Van Nest that I read a selection of Scriptures. You may like to be able to refer to them. They were as follows: Job xiv. 1-12; Isaiah xl. 30, 31; John xi. 21-27; 1 Thessalonians iv. 13-18; Revelations xiv. 1-4, 12, 13.

Others will no doubt give you all the particulars which you can desire relating to the services of yesterday. I may mention that to-day at the American church Dr. Van Nest remembered yourselves and other families of our countrymen recently afflicted very tenderly in public prayer. Many joined heartily with him in commending yourselves and the surviving members of your household to "Him who doth not willingly afflict nor grieve the children of men." Human sympathies and kind words can avail but little to mitigate domestic grief such as yours; but from Him who once on earth stood at the grave of a friend and wept, who on the cross looked down so tenderly on his weeping mother, and who is still touched with the feeling of our infirmities, there come grace, mercy, and peace most abundant, soothing, and strengthening. That you may share largely in the same is the prayer of

Your friend,

ALEX. THOMPSON.

NEW BEDFORD, April 15, 1872.

MY DEAR MRS. SIMPSON, — I fear to intrude on your grief; and yet I long to tell you how much I sympathize with you in your terrible affliction.

Harry was a very dear friend of mine, and I hope you will not be displeased with me for sending these verses, which I could not help writing, though they do not express half that I feel.

And was *he* then the first to fall
 Of those that started side by side,
 The noblest, truest heart of all,
 The idol of our love and pride !

His was a mind of manly grace,
 Of power, and yet of playful mould,
 Where pride and envy found no place,
 And honest truth maintained its hold.

Had it been meet to grant our prayer,
 Honors and fame had sought his brow ;
 Our country ill indeed can spare
 Such noble minds to guide her now.

With generous words he ever found
 For others' failings an excuse,
 While for himself the strictest bound
 Was not too stern for daily use.

How sweet a joy can memory give
 To brighten still our darkened lot !
 His virtues in our hearts shall live ;
 If he had faults, I know them not.

Few though his years, — alas, how few
 To those who hold each moment dear ! —
 Yet many a life will be more true
 For having known and loved him here.

But, O, this loss is hard to bear !
 May the good God who dwells above
 Help us to see through our despair
 The sunlight of his perfect love !

Very respectfully yours,

HENRY W. SWIFT.

MILAN, April 20.

It is very hard, dear Mrs. Simpson, to intrude upon you at this time of affliction, but I know that you will wish to learn everything about poor Harry's last illness. I was with him in Rome after his return from Naples, till within three days of his departure for Perugia, and know that during that time he appeared well and in good spirits, and was not fatiguing himself by too much sight-seeing, as during the afternoons he very often stayed at home, saying that before he went to Naples he worked, but now he was enjoying Rome.

In about five days he joined me in Florence, and during all the week he was well enough to go about with us, although he did not appear very well, and even acknowledged that he became easily fatigued. I did not think him really sick, as he complained so little. At the end of the week, however, he called in Dr. Wilson, who told him that he had the Roman fever, and that he must be quiet for a week, and stay in bed. The doctor endeavored to get the malaria, which he must have brought from Rome, out of his system by strong doses, but alas! he did not succeed.

Harry appeared to be getting along very well, but on the 2d of April he said that his headache was bad, and that he did n't care to listen while I read to him. On the 3d he appeared better, and as Mr. Sanderson was expected the next day, I determined to go to Venice, as my mother was not well. On the 5th and 6th his fever made frightful progress, and was complicated by congestion of the lungs, which made the doctor think it was very serious. On Monday evening, when I returned from Venice, I was very much shocked to find poor Harry in such a fearful condition. His breath was very quick, and his forehead hot, but he recognized

me when I came in, and addressed me by name. In fact, though he was confused, and out of his head most all the week, he seemed to recognize us, and was never frantic in his delirium. I will not repeat, as you have doubtless been informed, how, on Wednesday morning, he appeared to be a little better, and we had hopes that he might pull through, but in the afternoon he was very sick and restless from want of sleep. The doctor, on Wednesday evening, gave him a draught which did not succeed in putting him to sleep, and again on Thursday morning, which also had no effect. Thursday afternoon he was so restless that again the doctor gave him a draught, and he immediately went to sleep, but it was a troubled one, and he would often shake his head violently, from side to side. I told the doctor of this when he came at midnight, and he said, "You are going to lose him. I never knew that sign to fail. It shows that there has been some effusion on the back of the brain, and it is now merely a question of hours." From midnight till five A. M., Harry was quiet most of the time, and at five I saw that he was unconscious, and had but a few minutes more to live. He continued to breathe till twenty minutes after five, and then it was all over. I will not attempt to tell you, dear madam, how much I feel for you and your husband, nor how much I sympathize with you both, as yours is an affliction which only God and time can soften, but I will try to comfort you by saying that Dr. Wilson has the best reputation in Florence, and that he was very attentive, coming four or five times a day, beginning at seven A. M., and ending at eleven, and that for the last five days he brought an Italian physician for consultation, and that poor Harry was attended by a good nurse, who spoke English, and tried very hard to make him comfortable, and that there were many friends

who offered to do anything in their power, so that you may not feel that your poor son died in a foreign land without anybody to assist him, but that, considering the circumstances, and that he was so far from his family, he had every comfort that was possible.

His friends had the whole upper floor of the hotel, so that there should be as little noise as possible.

Mr. Lawrence, a clergyman, did everything, sitting up nights, and being very attentive; he was very soothing, and from long familiarity with the sick-room, his services were invaluable.

Young Mr. Lawrence, of Chicago, a classmate, though he had lately been sick, devoted himself to your son as long as he could, and on the last night Messrs. Fox and Moseley were called in.

I have related all these little items, as death, at all times gloomy, is doubly so when it takes place so far from home and kindred, to show that, considering the circumstances, he had every comfort.

As you will probably have a full account from Mr. Sanderson, I will only add once more how much I sympathize with you and Mr. Simpson.

I pray God that he may soften your terrible affliction,

Very sincerely yours,

F. I. AMORY.

PARIS, April 21, 1872.

DEAR MRS. SIMPSON, — I wrote you, I fear, a very strange, incoherent letter, on the day the terrible news came of Harry's death, but my grief was so great, and my thoughts were so entirely with you, that I could not restrain myself from sitting down to write to you even while under the influence of the first shock.

Every day that has gone by since that sad Friday has made me feel more and more deeply what a gap has been made in my life, as in that of so many others, by the untimely end of that noble and promising life. The more I think of Harry the more I feel how far ahead he was of the men of his own age, what a character and what fine purposes and beliefs were his. In our travels and readings together last winter, we planned work to be done together in the future, and built many castles, and I have not yet got the courage to look ahead at what I meant to do with him, and see and realize fully what it will be without him.

I wish I could find something of comfort to say to you, but all that I can think of is to tell you what a warm, loving, helpful friend he had by him in his classmate, Frank Amory. If there is anything I can do for you, I need not tell you what a pleasure it would be to me to do it; but I can think of nothing except, perhaps, the disposition of his presents, which he would not have been likely to have written home about, and a few of which I remember. Don't think me interfering, but I have been thinking so much of you and yours, and longing so much to do for you, that it occurred to me as possible that I might help you in this way. My wife sends you a great deal of love and sympathy, and believe me

As ever yours,

H. C. LODGE.

CAMBRIDGE, April 24, 1872.

MY DEAR SIR, — A year ago I met your son at Mr. Perabo's, and was at once greatly attracted by a genial charm in him,

which only grew stronger as I saw more of him, and found in him so much intelligence, refinement, and a beautiful quality of nature. And ever since I said good by to him on the eve of his departure for Europe, I have looked forward in the hope of seeing more of him, and knowing him better on his return.

My dear sir, I have no right to intrude upon your grief, but my sense of personal loss tells me how heavy must be *your* disappointment of hopes, how deep *your* sense of loss, — may I not say, how great your cause of thankfulness that such a son has been yours, that he *is* yours forever.

May you all find the consolations and the consecrations which our Father mingles in all these great sorrows! I look at the portrait which he gave me on Class Day, and see those clear, forward-looking eyes, and I feel that he has gone *onward*, where mind, heart, and the love of all things beautiful and good will have their full expansion.

Believe me, dear sir, with sincere sympathy,

Very truly yours,

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW.

M. H. SIMPSON, Esq.

7 CHESTER SQUARE, May 26, 1872.

DEAR MRS. SIMPSON, — I received your note, which accompanied the touching and honorable tribute to your son, just as I was leaving on a visit to my brother at Dedham. I brought the packet out with me and read the contents among the beautiful green fields and apple-blossoms, — the types of resurrection and life and beauty which await the true soul in another life, or, rather, in the higher unfolding of this. I am much pleased both

with the verses and the resolutions. They are the simple, manly expressions of young hearts, deeply moved by a great experience. Who can doubt that the influence of one so beloved will be a protection and an incitement?

It was a year yesterday, by the days of the week, to-morrow by the date of the month, since I spent the day at Andover with other friends at Mr. Sanderson's room. There I parted from Harry for the last time *here*. It was a beautiful day, the heavens and the earth were full of the glory of God, and we were all very happy; as I look back upon it, there seems to have been an almost prophetic influence of the world beyond upon us all. McFarlane and Harry remained with Sanderson over Sunday, and the rest of us returned. . . .

I can but pray for peace to the troubled waters of your soul, and believe that in the future there is much peace and love for you, which is ever round you, only now a little hidden.

Ever truly yours,

ANNA C. L. WATERSTON.

PARIS, May 7, 1872.

MY DEAR MRS. SIMPSON, — A sudden illness, from which I am now rapidly convalescing, has prevented my writing before.

Few persons, I hardly think any one, knew Harry better than I did. For nearly five years we were the most intimate of friends, with thoughts, hopes, and plans often mutual, always shared. Half — and the better half — of my life seems gone, and as I look out into the future it is so strange and different without him that it appears the future of some other person. In moments of great grief words of condolence seem almost a

mockery; but now that I have grown calmer, one thought has afforded me so much comfort, possibly it may prove, if it has not already, a source of consolation to you; it is, that Harry is not really dead. After the first great shock was over, and during my illness, he was constantly with me. As I write this morning he is in his old seat by my fire, with the same bright searching eyes, the same wise young head and kindly heart; we talk together as we used to talk, and there is the same keen perception, the same ready sympathy, as of old. A life like his, a friendship such as his, in whose pure sunshine one grew strong and ruddy, does not die with death. We recall his pure character, which won our love, the resistless energy, the high purpose, and great intellect. In the greatness of our love we forget that it was these very qualities which made his influence so precious to all with whom he came in contact; which made his life a model life to the hundreds of young men who knew him. The lesson of that life, with its clear, firm outline, indelibly impressed by that other lesson of his early death, has become part of ourselves, a motive power to good action and pure thought which will find expression in a thousand ways, and, like the oxygen in the atmosphere, be an unceasing source of health and strength, even when we are not directly conscious of its agency. Harry has obtained his triumph,—the triumph which of all others would be most acceptable to his modest nature,—to be cherished in the memories, to intensify the good in the lives, of all who knew him. What higher can be said of any man! Nor must we merely look upon his life as untimely cut off in its richest promise. We cannot measure such a life as his by the ordinary standard,

and one of Harry's years, crowded with earnest endeavor and constant development, had the breadth and depth of a dozen ordinary ones. Our hearts should overflow with thankfulness that he was spared to us so long; that his life was so pleasant to himself and a shining example to others; that he was not taken away till he had sowed seeds of good in so many places, till the solemn and instructive lesson of his death should produce a real though less conspicuous effect as perhaps a whole lifetime of active effort. In its higher meaning he was already old when he died; it is the Past, with its certain *has* been, which is true length of time. The Future is an indefinite, — a may be, or a might.

I look over what I have written, and the coldness and unfeelingness of the words which seemed to express so much as I wrote them almost frighten me. I feel how utterly powerless I am to frame language for my own grief, or to administer consolation to others. You have lost your son, and I my dearest friend. A relation of the tenderest sympathy is established between us. When, as it must sometimes be, the sense of your affliction is overpowering, when self-control deserts you, and every solace, even religion, fails, can you not derive some comfort from the silent, earnest sympathy reaching out to you from a thousand hearts, of your own and Harry's friends, who feel the sacredness of your mother's grief, who would, O so gladly, have prevented it, and who bear a portion of the same heavy burden?

I hope you will think of me sometimes as one of Harry's friends, and one who will always be glad to be of any service to you.

Faithfully yours,

H. E. DEMING.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 8, 1872.

MY DEAR FRIENDS, — I have just read in a Boston paper with almost incredulous eyes and a heart that would fain find the record untrue, — the announcement of the death of your son in Florence. The beautiful babe I baptized, the bright and studious boy, the brilliant young man, — and this is the end! What hopes drooped and withered at home when his life drooped in the foreign land! What a great vacancy it must have left behind in the circle of your thoughts and plans and dreams for this world! And not to be with him, not to touch his hand again, or look into his eyes, not to hear the last loving whisper, to have nothing of home, not one dear face before his dimming vision as the light of earth faded upon it, — this must enhance the sharpness of the trial.

Mrs. Stone and myself and all my family are deeply afflicted in your sorrow, and long to comfort you. But only one hand is soft enough and tender enough to wipe away such tears.

We sometimes think of such a life as fragmentary and incomplete. By our standard it is; but by another and truer not so. When God's purpose is fulfilled in any life, it is gloriously rounded and perfect. Must there be wrinkles and gray hairs to make a human life full? Nay, indeed; if it be full of the love of truth and right, of the pursuit of the beautiful and the good, faculties improved and opportunities harvested, and God chosen and honored as its guide and saviour, it is a harmonious and finished life whenever it pauses.

Nor is it left to us to ask what is the use of such rare endowments for so brief a career and so little positive fruit for the gathering of earthly hands! Such endowments are their own

reward if we look not beyond the present, and their culture ennobles them in the sight of God and man. A soul sweetly and beautifully furnished with the grace of knowledge and the wealth of study is by its own symmetry and harmony a power upon other souls, refining, inspiring, and elevating them to the same pure and fair ideal. It is not needed to see these powers tested in victorious work to have their influence strong and deathless. In their preparation for the work the best of the victory is won. Perhaps no biography your son could have lived to latest years would have left his story with so sweet and potent a charm upon all who knew him.

But this is only the beginning. Life at the longest is only our schooling for our true majority. The true "career" is yonder, not here. He finished his schooling sooner than some of us and was earlier promoted; that is all. Not one lavish gift was thrown away because they were not put to stern issues here and now.

How pleasant his memory must be to you, every year of the past braided into it,—a golden strand. Nothing to sadden you in looking back over the record he has left, your heritage from all its progress and changes only what you can treasure with joy.

If it had been your prayer, as I know it must often have been, that God would give you in this son a noble and spherical life, could he have better answered you?

This hiding of the dear face from you is not the end. It is the falling of a veil between your sight and a face too bright to look upon with earthly eyes; but the veil will soon be lifted again, and the young scholar, wise in the love of heaven, will

have his old pleasant greeting for you, enhanced in glad intensity by the lapse of intervening years.

I have not known or heard much of his interior spiritual life; but I feel that he could not have lived so purely and saintlessly if the grace of God had not been with him.

Our blessed Master comfort you and yours, make you to rest satisfied with his providence touching you so nearly, and willing to wait the full disclosure of his reasons in the revealing hereafter.

Mrs. Stone sends her love and sympathy with those of your pastor, and always your friend,

A. L. STONE.

EAST POINT, NAHANT, July 19, 1874.

DEAR MRS. SIMPSON, — I send you by this mail a copy of the last North American Review. I think I told you that Mr. Adams had made me the sub-editor, and the last number contains the first article of any length which I have yet published. I can only say that it represents hard work.

All that I have hitherto done in writing for the Review has been trifling, so that I consider this as my first effort, and my start in my literary career, if I am to have one. When this article appeared, and I felt fairly launched in my work, the memory of Harry came back with renewed freshness. After leaving college I intended to come home and farm. One night in Rome, Harry and I were talking about work at home, and he told me, with a far more friendly than just estimate of my abilities, that he felt I ought to devote myself to literature, that it was a duty I owed, and could perform, and pointed to American history as the field.

That suggestion took a deep hold, and with the aid of Mr. Adams, I have at last made a beginning, which I hardly ever expected to make. Whatever success I may attain, at least my work is my great happiness. Probably I might have come to the same result through different means, but I shall always feel that to Harry I owe the impulse which may lead to such results as the future has in store for me. To Harry I owe much, most of all the memory that I had the right to call him friend. But the advice he gave me that night in Rome marked a turning point in my life, and the thoughts of that time, and the sad memory of the good counsel which I cannot have again, have led me to write you. Remember me most kindly to Mr. Simpson and your daughter, and believe me ever

Your friend,

HENRY CABOT LODGE.

CLASS OF 1871, HARVARD COLLEGE.

At a meeting of the Class, held April 18, 1872, the following Resolutions were adopted on the death of our classmate, MICHAEL HENRY SIMPSON:—

Since it has pleased the all-wise God to take from us our dear friend and classmate, Michael Henry Simpson,

Resolved, That in our deep grief at this great and sudden affliction, we humbly submit our hearts to the will of God.

That we feel that we have lost one who, of all our number, by

the great talents and noble qualities of mind, displayed in his already brilliant career, gave the highest promise of a life of honor to himself, happiness to his friends, and usefulness to his fellow-men. He was a student, diligent in the improvement of his many talents, earnest in his work, of broad and liberal thought, and beloved by his instructors; and we mourn deeply in him the loss of a friend, whose warm heart, unassuming worth, and generous, manly character endeared him to all. There is no one of us who cannot recall some pleasant word or kind action of our dear classmate which made life seem brighter and friendship truer, and there are many who in his kindness found encouragement in despondency, comfort in trouble, and help in misfortune. These rich gifts of mind and heart make it especially sad to us that he should be the first to be taken from those who started in life together.

That the remembrance of his virtues brought vividly before us by his sudden death will incite us to follow his example in the path of duty. A true Christian, his life was pure and unselfish; and bitterly as we regret the early close of a life so bright in promise, we still feel that he was with us long enough to exert on the characters of those around him a lasting influence, whose fruits will survive to bless his memory in the lives of others.

That we wish to express our deep sympathy with the family of our beloved classmate, and trust that the knowledge of the good he has done may in part console them in their grief at being separated for a time from so dear a son and brother.

ALBERT M. BARNES, *Class Secretary.*

THE YEARS.

IN our roadside hostels live we
By the paths of time;
Haste along the years, swift travellers
With us but from chime to chime.

'Tis but a night we entertain them,
E'er they hurry on,
Taking something, leaving something,
Blessing ever and anon.

First they bring us youth and beauty,
Each some added charm,
Ripen mind and strengthen body,
Steal but that which now would harm.

Still they're coming, still they're going,
Still their gifts they change;
All of earth they've lavished on us,
Now mid the joys of heaven they range.

Stealing from us earth's warm passions,
Leave they calm and peace,
Take, perhaps, all pure excitement,
But they bring love's sweet increase.

Come then, years, as ye're appointed,
Welcome each in turn,
What ye take we need no longer,
What ye give is rich return.

M. H. S.

Cambridge, September 23, 1868, Mother's Birthday.

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